

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## AUTUMN.

THE rich autumnal shadows fall ;  
The first brown leaf wheels slowly down ;  
And all along the orchard wall  
The mosses gather deeper brown.

Through all the rounded golden hours  
No sound steals in from village street ;  
Alone the chimes from distant towers  
Float hourly through my still retreat.

Across the vale, the rugged hills  
Are starting from their summer gloom,  
And bursting heather glows and fills  
Their skyward curves with purple bloom.

Again with autumn comes the time  
When you and I would cross the vale,  
And reach the mountain foot, and climb  
Till stars renewed the evening tale.

I wander still where nature haunts  
Her secret places seldom sought ;  
But even nature something wants —  
A subtle something, deeply wrought.

And here alone I sit, and now  
Thy voice is hushed ; but those dear eyes  
That flashed beneath thy brave boy-brow  
Are haunting me as daylight dies.

The sun slopes slowly to his rest,  
This soft September afternoon,  
Till all the color leaves the west,  
And steeps the world in twilight gloom.  
Chambers' Journal. J. S.

## A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

WITHIN the hollow silence of the night  
I lay awake and listened. I could hear  
Planet with punctual planet chiming clear,  
And unto star star cadencing aright.  
Nor these alone. Cloistered from deafening  
sight,

All things that are, made music to my ear :  
Hushed woods, dumb caves, and many a  
soundless mere,

With Arctic mains in rigid sleep locked tight.  
But ever with this chant from shore and sea,  
From singing constellation, humming thought,  
And life through time's stops blowing vari-  
ously,

A melancholy undertone was wrought ;  
And from its boundless prison-house I caught  
The awful moan of lone eternity.

Cornhill Magazine.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

## THE CLODBERRY.

NAY, touch it not ; 'tis the cloudberry bloom  
My friend, you and I have found,  
On this far height, 'mid the soft June winds,  
Pale-white on the mossy ground.

Ah ! rarely 'tis seen by the eye of man ;  
By us let it not be soiled ;  
The sprites linger long on the mists of the  
morn  
To watch it ope on the wild.

Up the hill we have climbed by dyke and burn,  
The heather was breaking in green,  
The blaeberry flower was red on the brae —  
Now we kneel to the Mountain Queen !

High 'neath the clouds thou bloomest alone,  
Last flower of the moorland free —  
Thy homage the circling peewit's cry,  
And the hum of the mountain bee.

No blacker waste hath the heights than thine,  
White star of the mossy lea !  
Face turned to the dews and the light of morn,  
Thou winnest thy purity !

Bloom fairer than thee I ne'er have seen  
In dale or on hill I've climbed,  
And ne'er have I known a darker birth  
By the power of heaven sublimed !  
Good Words. J. VEITCH.

## IRISH LOVE-SONG.

[AIR : "THE LITTLE RED LARK."]

AH ! swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness,  
Jewel of joys, arise !  
The little red lark, like a rosy spark  
Of song, to his sun-burst flies ;  
But till you are risen, earth is a prison,  
Full of my captive sighs.  
Then wake, and discover to your fond lover  
The morn of your matchless eyes.

The dawn is dark to me ; hark, oh ! hark to  
me,  
Pulse of my heart, I pray,  
And gently gliding out of thy hiding,  
Dazzle me with thy day !  
And oh ! I'll fly to thee, singing, and sigh to  
thee,  
Passion so sweet and gay,  
The lark shall listen, and dewdrops glisten,  
Laughing on every spray.  
Spectator. ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

## LIFE AND LOVE.

RUCKERT.

LIFE ! What is life, when thou, O love, art  
dead ?  
Death ! What is death, if love yet living be ?  
When thou, the soul, hast from the body fled,  
What may the body's life avail to me ?  
Or why the body's ruin do I dread,  
When thou, the soul, to heaven soarest free ?  
Love, art thou dead, I would not live, not I :  
Love, art thou living, I can never die.  
Temple Bar. W. D. SCOONES.

From Temple Bar.

## THE PRINCE OF THE OLD DIPLOMATISTS.

THE well-known French phrenologists MM. Place and Florens, after taking a cast of the head of M. de Talleyrand, at the request of his family, immediately after his death, declared, as their decided opinion, on a full consideration of the peculiar complication they discovered in his cerebral development, that the character of M. de Talleyrand, if ever thoroughly revealed to his contemporaries or posterity, must be revealed by himself. He must have written his own life, no other man being competent to write it, that is, a life in which the *rusé* diplomatist should stand confessed before the world, divested of that impenetrable mental mask and domino under which the real man and his motives were supposed to be habitually concealed. It has, however, in many instances been very clearly apparent that a man's judgment is rarely more at fault than when exercised in passing judgment on himself and his own actions. All autobiographies, confessions, apologies, and similar personal statements exhibit an immense amount of self-deception in the writers, even when most anxious, from whatever cause, to make a clean breast of it or to set themselves right in the world's opinion, they attempt to disclose the secret motives, the hidden springs of thought, the mental or other influences which have determined them to this or that course of conduct. Rarely, too, has any posthumously published apology for an equivocal career succeeded in setting aside a verdict of condemnation already pronounced at the bar of public opinion. And even so probably will it fare with the apologetic memoirs of Prince Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord.

It was generally believed that M. de Talleyrand had for many years been in the habit of noting down his private views on public events, to be amplified, when at leisure, into political memoirs of his own times, and that their completion formed his chief occupation when he withdrew from public life. Startling revelations were therefore looked for at his death, from the conspicuous and Machia-

vellian part he had played in all the changes and chances the French nation had undergone during the preceding fifty years. But public expectation was doomed to disappointment: the memoirs were not to be published until thirty years after his decease, and in 1868 a further delay was announced. It has however since transpired that the main object of the memoirs is but to justify by statements, more plausible than probable, certain ambiguous acts of his own long political career, and that the explanations tend rather to confirm than to modify the unfavorable judgment which, with but few exceptions, his contemporaries and a succeeding generation have felt constrained to pass on his conduct and character as statesman and diplomatist. From the earliest years of the reign of Louis XVI. the Abbé de Périgord was *un intrigant*. He could have afforded the most ample and curious details concerning the measures secretly adopted by a dissatisfied portion of the old nobility further to inflame the minds of the already greatly agitated and much oppressed people, with the view of abasing the kingly authority, regaining under a timid and incapable sovereign the power and prestige wrested from their order by Richelieu and Louis XIV., and re-establishing a despotic aristocracy. For such are the motives that not without reason have been assigned to those high prelates and *grands seigneurs* who, on the day after the *séance royale*, which followed the more famous *séance* of the Jeu de Paume (June 20, 1789), separated themselves from the rest of the *noblesse*, formed the first nucleus of the *Assemblée Constituante*, and became openly the leaders of a revolution they hitherto had secretly promoted, and whose headlong course they no longer had power to control. Of all and each might then have been said, as Necker said of Mirabeau: "*Tribun par calcul; aristocrate par goût*," and of none with more truth than M. de Talleyrand, then Bishop of Autun. Probably he would have been willing to draw back when he perceived the fatal whirlpool to which the stream of events was leading. But it was too late. "*Laissez faire*" became the rule of his conduct and the *résumé* of his po-

litical creed; henceforth, "*se bornant*," says Castille, "*à venir à temps pour faucher la moisson des événements*."

Yet his memoirs, it has been asserted, add literally nothing to what is already known of that terrible drama, the great Revolution, or of the secret political intrigues by means of which the several changes were brought about in the form of government in France in the course of the first thirty years of the present century. As a whole, these memoirs are said to be provokingly unimportant, being little more than an exemplification of the truth of the proverb, "*qui s'excuse s'accuse*." In determining to defer their publication for a further term of twenty years, the heirs of M. de Talleyrand are believed to have been influenced far less by personal and family considerations than by a desire to spare some annoyance to the relatives of those public men who held office with him, and shared the responsibility of the measures of government recommended by him in the latter part of his official career. Of the younger of those public men some two or three were in 1868 yet living, and on them the statements of M. de Talleyrand were calculated to cast much odium, which, whether undeserved or not, could not but be prejudicial to their interests or to those of their immediate descendants who had become adherents of a second empire under a second Napoleon Bonaparte. This second empire the keen political foresight of M. de Talleyrand, and his experience of the truth of La Rochefoucauld's mot "*Tout arrive en France*," may have led him to look forward to, and even with some satisfaction to have seen looming in the future; for was it not one of his last injunctions to his heirs, that "if at some future day a man of the name of Bonaparte should be in want of assistance he should not fail to find it in the family of Talleyrand"? though he may not have regarded it as likely to become so speedily and readily an accomplished fact. The private life of this "*homo duplex*," as a French writer has termed him, is attractive. One cannot refuse admiration to the possessor of so many genial qualities. His wit, his brilliancy

in the social circle, his exquisite taste and polished ease of manner, are peculiarly fascinating. His apparent openness and sincerity complete the charm. Many most determinedly on their guard against him yielded to that spell and were gained over to his views. On the other hand, it is difficult to suppress indignation while attempting to follow him through the windings and turnings of that maze of intrigue which formed his political career—a career great from the historical importance of the period it embraces, but inglorious and almost without a parallel in recent times for moral turpitude, unscrupulous self-seeking, and that utter absence of honor and high principle which marked it throughout.

The private life and the political life of M. de Talleyrand have generally, as well by French writers as others, been narrated separately, as though representing two phases of character so entirely opposed to each other that they could not be blended in a single biography, and that the *homo duplex* must be described in a duplex form. But this is to attempt to separate the inseparable, for from the very outset of his public life, the winning tongue, the ready wit, the prepossessing personal qualities very greatly aided tact, talent, and cunning in carrying their astute possessor safely and successfully through a period of anarchy and bloodshed. Nor did they fail him later on in life, when the wily diplomatist, as minister of foreign affairs or as the representative of France, under the directory, consulate, empire, or monarchy, sought by the same means as those by which he shone in the *salon* to gain a political victory over his colleagues of the council-chamber. Indeed, it may be confidently affirmed that throughout his career, whatever were the objects and results of his "*vie politique*," they differed so little from those of his "*vie intime*" that if they were not actually the same they were severally the complement of each other. "Two acts of the same comedy," says one writer, but somewhat unjustly, for, as the proverb declares, "one must give the devil his due," and it is believed that, like the rest of mankind, M. de Talleyrand had his weak moments,



when he threw off the comedian and was sincerity itself. But as he has been surnamed Mephistopheles, and painted as black as his Satanic majesty himself, he may, at best, have been sincere only to deceive. Yet while following him through the long, devious, and difficult track he pursued in public life (though within the limits of this article it can be but very imperfectly marked out), some redeeming points in his character may probably be discovered to serve as lights to relieve the dark shadows with which it is customary to surround this prince of the old diplomatists.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand was a scion of a very ancient family, whose armorial bearings and arrogant device — "*Re que Diou*" — "God only above me" — were those of the old sovereign-counts of Périgord. He was born in February 1754, and was the eldest of three sons, but lameness, by unfitting him for the profession of arms, having deprived him of what was then a privilege of noble birth, his next brother was promoted to that honor, and Charles Maurice was relegated, as a younger son, to the Church. His lameness has been attributed to a fall when in his boyhood; but he himself related to Count Wissenbourg that it was caused by injuries inflicted on him by pigs, which made a ferocious attack on his legs when in infancy he was set down under a hedge by his nurse while she took a stroll with her lover. It may also have been partly owing to natural causes, as his uncle and other members of his family had some defective formation in one foot, slightly perceptible when walking. Condemned, however, from an early age to use a kind of crutch, cane, or stick, "he learned to manage it with so much art that as he grew up the defect in his gait," we are told, "but added to his personal graces." Rather, perhaps, because of his good looks, it inspired unusual interest in him, for we learn that but for his lameness he would in personal appearance have rivalled his brother, the Comte d'Archambault, one of the handsomest men of his time. He was lively, piquant, and agreeable, but by no means a studious youth, and his great aversion was the priesthood,

into which circumstances had thrust him so sorely against his will. But rich benefices and ecclesiastical honors awaited him; the highest dignities of the church being then regarded as the patrimony of the younger sons of the *haute noblesse*, as the most distinguished posts in the army were the birthright of the eldest.

While preparing for his clerical career, young Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord was a far more diligent student of the works of the patriarch of the philosophers and the Voltairian school generally, than of those of the fathers of the Church. He imbibed from them much of the cynicism of Voltaire, and probably owed to him, in a great degree, that peculiarly incisive and epigrammatic manner of expressing himself, and, as it were, of formulating his thoughts into axioms, for which he was afterwards distinguished. He was never great as an orator; he had neither the *voix de tribun* of Mirabeau, nor the stentorian lungs of the Abbé Maury. He spoke little, but he spoke well and to the point, and "there was an eloquence in the nonchalant, disdainful, or smiling and mocking air he assumed, as occasion suited, when silent."

He received his early education at the Collège d'Harcourt. Thence he was transferred to the Séminaire de St. Sulpice, completing his meagre course of theological studies at Rheims, where he became one of that group of dissolute young men of noble family destined for the priesthood (amongst whom were the Abbé Montesquiou, the Abbé Saint-Phar, and other "*abbés de cour*" of the philosophical school) who formed the ecclesiastical *état-major* of his uncle — Cardinal Alexandre Angélique de Talleyrand-Périgord — then Archbishop of Rheims.

In 1773 he received the tonsure, and on his return to Paris was introduced to the social circle of Madame du Barry. Associating himself with several of his former fellow-students, he then entered upon a course of such reckless dissipation, that even in the dissolute society of the court of Louis XV. some few voices were raised in condemnation of the scandalous depravity of these youths — most of whom looked to wear the mitre, or even

to attain to higher dignities — and of the vicious example thus set to the lower clergy. The openly licentious life of a high-born and fashionable abbé, well received in the *salons* of the reigning favorite and other *grandes dames* of the court, was however no bar to preferment. At twenty years of age the Abbaye de St. Denis de Rheims, with two or three minor benefices then conferred on him, supplied him with ample means for the gratification of his dissolute tastes — *en attendant*, of course, a rich bishopric, or other eligible step to the archiepiscopacy, which, but for that thorough sweeping away of the corruptions of the old régime — as well in Church as State — he probably would have succeeded to, though his ambition did not point that way.

His position at this time has been compared to that of Paul de Gondy before the breaking out of the war of the Fronde; and some points of resemblance may be traced in the characters of these two dissolute young priests, whose *soutanes* formed their only claim to be ranked with the priesthood. The career of De Retz was shorter, less brilliant, and less important than that of De Talleyrand. The former has been termed "a rough sketch;" the latter "a finished picture." The hero of the Fronde was more impetuous, more honest, and exhibited much less cupidity than the revolutionary Abbé de Périgord; he had more learning, more genius, but less tact and political *savoir faire*. Both were professedly devoted to women, and woman, as has ever been her wont, repaid them in their hour of need with a true and self-sacrificing devotedness to their interests of which they were not always worthy — De Retz, with far fewer personal advantages, inspiring the warmer and sincerer friendships.

The young abbé has been described as having, at the age of twenty, a face which might have served as a model for that of the Phrygian youth, Ganymedes — fresh and fair complexion, delicate features, and an abundance of fair hair; a chin, then, and throughout life, destitute of beard; nose slightly *retroussé*, which added piquancy to the *malice* and *espérillerie* of those searching glances he occasionally raised his drooping eyelids to fix on the person he conversed with, or on some silent individual of the company. His boyish countenance and slightness of figure gave no indication of physical force, and of the hardy constitution that enabled him to spend night after night at the gambling table, or in a round of suppers

and wild orgies with dissolute companions of both sexes, and to appear in the morning, after taking a bath and sleeping for an hour, without showing the slightest trace of fatigue. Many of the escapades, wild adventures, and midnight revels described in the meretricious romances of that day are said to have been, with scarcely any variation or exaggeration, those of the Abbé de Périgord and his companions.

The disciple of Voltaire had a longing desire to become personally acquainted with his master. This desire was gratified when, in 1778, the aged philosopher paid his last visit to Paris, and was received there with frenzied exclamations, and the almost delirious joy of the people.

The young abbé was rewarded for his enthusiasm on that occasion by the blessing of the patriarch; who, at a brilliant *réunion*, and in the presence of several distinguished personages of the court, spread his hands over the kneeling priest and, with much mock solemnity, pronounced a formal benediction. The company congratulated and the court smiled approval; though both court and clergy had looked forward to this visit of Voltaire with considerable alarm, as likely to excite the "masses" and lead to commotions in the capital not easy to repress.

Only three years before, the dignitaries of the Church, being assembled to prepare an address of congratulation to the throne, availed themselves of that favorable opportunity to remonstrate on the want of any authoritative check on the spread of "*les idées philosophiques*." For "even," they said, "from the government presses, works had been issued containing the insidious poison that was fast corrupting the minds of the people, and even causing schism in the Church." Yet the clergy gave no frigid reception to the chief of the philosophical sect.

Louis XV. was dead; his Dubarry was deposed; a feeble-minded young king and a vain, frivolous queen reigned in their stead. The nation groaned under oppressive taxation, and the State financially, was on the brink of ruin. But "*les idées philosophiques*," with which Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, had leavened the minds of the people, had yet some years to ferment before that terrible upheaving came, to overthrow in its fury both Church and State, and to spread misery, bloodshed, and desolation throughout the land.

Meanwhile the gay Abbé de Périgord, though still pursuing his wild career, was chosen to fill the important and very lucrative post of agent général du clergé de France. During the five or six years he held it, he materially increased his private fortune. Stock-jobbing had occupied much of his attention, and some successful ventures on the Bourse made him anxious to acquire a more thorough insight into financial operations generally. With this object, and as his sacerdotal duties were too slightly onerous to interfere with his secular occupations, he sought an appointment in the treasury department, and obtained it from Calonne, Necker's successor as contrôleur général, at the instance of Mirabeau who, when introducing his friend to Calonne, wrote as follows of his qualifications for official employment:—

M. L'Abbé de Périgord joint à un talent très réel et fort exercé une circonspection profonde et un secret à toute épreuve. Jamais vous ne pouvez choisir un homme plus sûr; plus pieux au culte de la reconnaissance et de l'amitié; plus envieux de bien faire; moins avide de partager la gloire des autres, ou plus convaincu qu'elle est et doit être toute entière à l'homme qui sait concevoir, et qui ose exécuter.

Not very long after, Mirabeau wrote to the Comte d'Antraigues:—

Ma position est assombrie par l'infame conduite de l'Abbé de Périgord. L'histoire de mes malheurs m'a jété entre ses mains, et il me faut encore user de ménagement avec cet homme vil, avide, bas, et intrigant. C'est de la boue et de l'argent qu'il lui faut. Pour de l'argent il a vendu son honneur et son ami. Pour de l'argent il vendrait son âme; et il aurait raison, car il troquerait son fumier contre de l'or.

These two portraits of Talleyrand, sketched by a masterly hand, and representing the outer and inner man—the appearance and the reality—have been accepted as forming together a not unfaithful likeness of the wily and supple, unscrupulous and stock-jobbing priest. He and Mirabeau had become acquainted at the Palais Royal, where both were welcome guests at the libertine *réunions* and suppers of the Duc d'Orleans, then Duc de Chartres (Philippe Egalité), and were also frequenters of the *salon* of the duchess, where the fascinating and *spirituelle* Madame de Genlis then figured so prominently. They were drawn towards each other by similarity in their habits and mode of life, in which vice was combined with courtly manners and aris-

tocratic tastes. Yet Mirabeau, with all his faults, had noble sentiments. There was grandeur in his character, and though freedom was his watchword, he loved glory and power as much as Talleyrand loved money.

The rupture between them was caused, as Michaud (his uncompromising enemy, it is fair to say) asserts, by the conduct of Talleyrand in turning to account the secrets of government in the carrying out of his private financial speculations. This came to the knowledge of Mirabeau while in Berlin, on a secret mission to the Prussian court. In his correspondence he took occasion to pass some severe strictures on practices so dishonorable; which Talleyrand, by some means, becoming aware of, immediately revenged himself by disclosing to the minister certain circumstances relating to those dark years of his friend's past life which cast so deep a shadow on his otherwise great reputation. Hence the changed tone of the second letter. But the "*ménagement*" it speaks of as necessary led to a speedy reconciliation, or, at least, the semblance of one.

In 1788 M. l'Abbé de Périgord became M. d'Autun, the rich bishopric of that name being then conferred on him, its ample revenues affording him increased facilities for extending his operations on the Bourse. He was then on very intimate terms with Necker, and a diligent student of his financial policy. This flattered Necker (one of the vainest of men). He was proud too of his proselyte; for Talleyrand, formerly an upholder of Calonne, had turned his back on him as soon as he perceived that his waste of the public money and manifest incompetency to hold office were exciting murmurs too loud and deep to pass unnoticed, and that a change was imminent. Talleyrand consequently, on the dismissal of Calonne, was already the firm partisan of Necker, who was again summoned to take office in order that with his own credit he might support the tottering credit of the State, and replenish its empty coffers.

With the blue-stocking Madame Necker Talleyrand was immensely in favor. His high-bred courtesy and repose of manner, evident desire to please, and, above all, apparent attachment to M. Necker, whom both she and her daughter regarded as a god, were peculiarly agreeable to the learned lady. And no less so the deferential attention with which—his eyes half closed, and a beaming smile on

his countenance, that meant, when the subject under discussion was indifferent to him, anything you pleased; it might be either approval or placid contempt—he listened to her long disquisitions on classical learning, in which she was deeply versed; far more so indeed than Talleyrand was, for he had little learning, and even less genius. Literature scarcely interested him at all. He had, however, abundance of talent, and had learned in the Church (as Mignet observes) the art of divining men's characters, of penetrating their motives, and, with singular tact, and without any apparent constraint, using them to further his own purposes.

But "*les soirées Helvétiques*" had grown far more staid and formal since Germaine Necker had become Baronne de Staël. As ambassadrice de Suède she now presided in a *salon* of her own, where *les idées philosophiques* and *les idées révolutionnaires* were at that period more openly professed than elsewhere. There Mme. de Staël, freed from the restraint which her mother's dislike to political discussion in the *salon* had long imposed on her, and arrayed in a hideous turban and dress of her own invention, that not only defied Fashion's decrees, but sinned against every principle of good taste, threw her plump white arms aloft, and declaimed on the politics of the day with all the energy of a tribune. Among the *beaux esprits* of her literary and revolutionary circle, of whom many were men of great talent and brilliant intellect, she particularly distinguished the Bishop of Autun. He had then so entirely thrown off the clerical character in society, that he had even secularized his dress to harmonize with his habits of gay Lothario and man of the world. *Intrigante* herself, the eloquent ambassadress believed she had found a congenial soul in this intriguing priest. His cool, keen, sarcastic remarks and sparkling *bons mots*, which belong, as Sir H. Bulwer truly observes, "as much to the conversational epoch as to himself," delighted her, and a great intimacy sprang up between them. A further bond of union was the circumstance of Talleyrand—just elected deputy of the clergy of his diocese of Autun—being then engaged with Necker in preparing for the convocation of the *états généraux* (the measure urged on the king by that unstatesmanlike minister as the only means of saving the monarchy, but which doubtless precipitated its overthrow).

"The religion of the Necker dynasty was the worship of each other." To be

a political disciple of the head of that dynasty was, therefore, in the eyes of his daughter, no slight proof of merit. But when to that was added the bishop's high birth and great reputation for *esprit*, he became in her estimation a still more exalted character. "Charles Maurice," said his uncle, the Comte de Périgord, "loves politics, but it is for the sake of what he gains by them; which is something he loves much more." Mme. de Staël also loved politics, but from a different motive. She had from childhood been both politician and philosopher, as well as an ardent student of Rousseau. Her mind had become inflamed with that same pure and heaven-inspired love of freedom—as she believed it to be—that had animated the "divine philosopher," "the child of nature." France was to be regenerated by the spread of his principles, and the recall of her father to power, the means of effecting this happy result. In her enthusiasm she thus apostrophized the shade of Jean-Jacques: "Rise from thy ashes, O Rousseau, and encourage in his career the man who, having to contend with extremity of misery, aims at securing the perfection of good!" *Freedom à la Rousseau!* Yet she had but caught the pervading spirit of the time, and given expression to it. For throughout France every heart then throbbed with the same fever of excitement, and it would be difficult to believe that Talleyrand—calm and calculating as he may have been from temperament—was not in some degree influenced by the agitated state of the world about him.

He had, however, no sort of sympathy with Mme. de Staël's romantic and sentimental view of the claims of friendship. It suited him at that time to stand well with Necker, therefore to figure as a *bel esprit* in the *salon* of Mme. l'Ambassadrice de Suède; at the same time to pay homage, duly mingled with delicate flattery, to her great oratorical powers, and to address a few civil words to that insignificant personage, the husband of the ambassadress. But Mme. de Staël was not satisfied that her chosen friends or "*amis de cœur*" should acknowledge and appreciate only her talents and intellect. For while claiming equality with them in the masculine powers of her mind, she expected to command admiration as a woman—the admiration she was mortified to see spontaneously bestowed on those whom she deemed the "pretty simpletons" of her *salon*, and whose society she contemned, though she so des-

perately coveted their attractions. But as far as words went, Talleyrand paid his court for a while to Madame de Staël, putting into practice his favorite axiom (derived probably from Voltaire, or Swift, or one of the many writers, both English and French, who used it before him), that "speech was given to conceal thought." His thoughts at that time, it may be conjectured, if given to womankind at all, dwelt far less on Madame de Staël, when she posed as a grace for admiration, than on the beautiful simpleton who, under his fostering care, was some years later known as Madame Grant, and who eventually became Madame de Talleyrand. The time and manner of their first acquaintance have been variously stated; but he is supposed to have first seen her by mere chance, when walking with a friend one day in the streets of Paris, and to have remarked, on noticing her extraordinary beauty, that "the husband of so lovely a woman was an enviable man." So deep was the impression on his mind that it still was unobliterated when some few years after he again met her in England. Such is one version of the origin of his connection with this remarkably silly, if beautiful, woman. Her *mots*, if not *bons mots*, were piquant from their extreme absurdity, and afforded much amusement to Parisian society for several years.

Who has not heard of her mistaking Sir George Robinson — though some say it was Dénon, the traveller — for Robinson Crusoe, whose adventures she had recently read. But whichever it was, Talleyrand had invited him to dinner, and, mentioning that their guest was a great traveller, desired madame to pay him much attention and to speak to him of his travels. This she did by informing him how concerned she had felt when reading of the privations he had undergone, and the shifts he had been put to during his sojourn on the uninhabited island. Her visitor was greatly puzzled; said nothing, but bowed his acknowledgments and thought the more. Presently she asked, with much apparent interest, for news of "*cher Vendredi*," that dear faithful man Friday, who had been such a comfort to him. The truth then dawned upon him, and madame was informed that a less celebrated personage than the hero she was interested in had the honor of being her guest. This, however, is mentioned but *en passant*; it occurred under the consulate, and Talleyrand had not yet arrived at that flourishing period of his

career. We return then to the 5th of May, 1789.

The bishop, in his violet robes, lawn sleeves, and grand mantle, was then about to assist at that imposing ceremony, the assembling of the representatives of the three estates of the realm, in the great hall of the Palais de Versailles, and in the presence of the king, queen, and royal family. Added interest and importance were lent to it by reminiscences connected with that event which had led to the last convocation of the *états généraux*. It was the assassination of Henry IV., when, confirmed by their vote, the regency of the kingdom, with uncontrolled powers, was conferred on Marie de Médicis; and the well-filled coffers of the State passed from the hands of the provident minister of a frugal king into those of a prodigal queen. A hundred and seventy-nine years have elapsed, and once more the *états généraux* are convoked. Now there is dire distress throughout the land. France is on the verge of bankruptcy; to which she has been brought by a long course of reckless expenditure and extravagance in the court, and ministerial mismanagement of the State's finances. The *noblesse* and the clergy have hitherto refused to share with the people the burden of taxation. But now, at the instance of Necker, they are summoned to concert, together with the people, on the means best adapted for averting a national catastrophe and furnishing supplies for the needs of the country.

From the very outset disunion and tumult prevailed in this mixed assembly, and antagonism towards it in the court. The *tiers état*, with Mirabeau at their head, took the lead, and refused to suspend their sittings at the command of the king. Finding that by his order the doors of the *grande salle* were closed against them, Bailly, the president, exclaimed: "These people know not with whom they have to do" — then rushed forth to find a convenient locale for the meeting. A cry then arose "*Au jeu de paume! Au jeu de paume!*" and immediately, accompanied by an applauding multitude, the deputies hastened in a body to the tennis court, where, repeating the oath of their president, each man solemnly swore "never to separate from the '*assemblée nationale*' [an appellation then first assumed] until the constitution of the kingdom should be established on firm and solid foundations." By this first bold step was the Revolution initiated, and by



the futilities of the *séance royale* of the 24th rendered irrevocable. That same evening the Duc d'Orléans, Lafayette, Lally-Tollendal, the Duc de Montmorency, and others of the *noblesse*, to the number of forty-seven, joined the National Assembly, Cardinal Juigné, Archbishop of Paris, and Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, following their example on the morrow. Necker then tendered his resignation. The king refused to accept it; but, influenced by a court intrigue, secretly dismissed him a few days after. Then occurred that exciting scene, of which Camille Desmoulins was the hero, in the gardens of the Palais Royal; the result of which was an insurrection of the people; the attack on the Bastille, its capture and destruction,\* and the bringing back of Necker in triumph. Sedition now spread to the provinces, and acts of violence were general. The "Rights of Man" were promulgated and seigniorial rights abolished. On the 4th and 5th of October, an infuriated mob, led on by women, attacked Versailles, partially sacked the palace, and compelled the king and queen to remove to Paris, where henceforth the sittings of the *Assemblée Nationale* were held.

The failure of the crops, or neglect to gather them in, added famine to the many miseries that afflicted the frenzied populace; when Talleyrand, who had already advocated the abolition of titles, put forward a proposition for the confiscation and sale of the domains of the Church, for the purpose of defraying the debts of the State, and relieving the prevailing distress. Talleyrand did not shine in debate, and as his "*douce voix*" failed to impress so tumultuous an assembly, his proposal was formally placed before it by Mirabeau in a declaration that "the possessions of the clergy are the property of the nation." This was vehemently disputed by the abbé, afterwards cardinal, Maury, with his powerful Bossuet-like voice and great oratorical ability, which so far prevailed over the eloquence and audacity of Mirabeau, Barnave, and others, that Talleyrand's proposition was greatly modified, and the despoiled clergy, in their several degrees, not inadequately provided for before it received the assent of the Assembly.† As his benefices furnished nearly

the whole of his income (except what he derived from his Bourse operations), Talleyrand's proposition to renounce them for the benefit of the State has been lauded as a great and noble action, and cited as a proof that his patriotic motto, "*La France avant tout*," had a real influence on him. But the Abbé Maury, on this same occasion, openly charged him with the intention of serving the stock-jobbing interests, of which he was the head, and of being one of the causes of the financial distress of the country. The sale of the Church lands would also, he argued, afford opportunity for the purchase of valuable estates for an insignificant sum. Talleyrand, as was his custom, replied only by sneers and a few sarcastic phrases.

It might naturally be supposed that his sympathies were on the side of the court, and that his own and his family's interests would also have led him to reject the Revolution. But he appears to have been indifferent to both, and to have decided for neither until the finger of Fate clearly pointed out "*L'avenir est à celui-ci*." And Michaud asserts that, when the court, as the surest means of attaching so able an *intrigant* to their cause, offered him the bribe of a large sum of money, he replied coldly to the person deputed to treat with him, "I shall gain more on the other side, and also incur less risk; for the Revolution will prove stronger than you." Without any hesitation he submitted to the conditions of the "*constitution civile du clergé*," took the required oath himself, and administered it to the priests and curés whom he ordained bishops. The last occasion probably on which he officiated as a priest was when, at the *fête* of the general federation of the communes of France, on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille—arrayed in his ecclesiastical vestments, and girdled with a tri-colored scarf—he celebrated high mass on the grand altar that had been erected for the occasion in the centre of the Champ de Mars, and named "*L'autel de la Patrie*." The "*Fédérés*," with their banners, to the number of a hundred thousand, surrounded the altar, and upwards of two hundred thousand spectators were present. While the bishop (who begged Lafayette, who had some sort of part assigned to him at the altar, "not to make him laugh") was performing the *religious*

\* The great key of its massive portal was given to Lafayette, who sent it to America, as a present to his friend Washington.

† It was Maury who, on being interrupted while speaking by the noisy clamor of a set of ragged wretches who were allowed free access to the *séances* of the Assembly, exclaimed in stentorian tones, "Mon-

sieur le président, silence those *sans culottes*." Hilarity became general; but fervid patriots, in their love of *égalité* and *fraternité*, adopted this epithet of contempt as the distinguishing appellation of the extreme section of the revolutionary party.



ceremony, the people expressed their frantic joy in songs and dances, jests and jeers, and peals of laughter. The rain meantime had been descending in torrents. Suddenly a ray of sunshine gleams through a parted cloud. The oriflamme of France is lowered, and the unfortunate Louis XVI. meekly swears fealty to the revolutionary constitution, to the accompaniment of a grand fanfare, a discharge of artillery, and the ravings of the assembled multitude. Lafayette, mounted on the altar, draws his sword, and seems to be fighting the air; and with this performance, and the singing of a *te deum*, above which rise snatches of military songs, this farcical, national, and *religious fête* concludes. The king takes his departure, the constitutional bishop limps down from the altar. His eyelids droop lower than usual, and a smile, more expressive of mockery than pleasure, plays on his fair, effeminate face.

Necker, no longer "*le roi de la canaille*," resigns in September 1790, and retires to Switzerland. The revolutionary torrent rolls on with greater fury, and the only man capable of stemming it, or of snatching the king and his family from the fate too surely awaiting them, is suddenly smitten down by the icy hand of death. On the 2nd of April, 1791, an illness of three days carried off the mighty Mirabeau from the scene of turmoil and strife. The speech he had prepared against the law of primogeniture, at his request was read to the assembly by Talleyrand (his *exécuteur testamentaire*), and that law, then in force, was abolished. The new church of Ste. Geneviève then became Le Panthéon, and was dedicated "*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante*," and destined to receive their remains — Mirabeau being the first decreed worthy of that honor.

The flight of the royal family soon followed the death of Mirabeau. Unhappily, the king and queen were recognized, and brought back captive to Paris. The revolutionary movement proceeded with greater violence than before, and the Assemblée Constituante assumed the functions of royalty. The *acte constitutionnel*, which had been prepared and approved by them, they, however, submitted to the king, who, unable to do otherwise, accepted it, and on the first of October, 1791, repaired to the Salle de Séance and solemnly took oath faithfully to observe all its statutes and ordinances. The Assembly shouted "*Vive la nation — vive le roi!*" then announced

that their work was finished, and that, leaving France in the hands of a constitutional king and a legislative assembly, the deputies would resign office and retire into private life.

For the Assemblée, collectively, the merit has been claimed of having enacted many useful and excellent laws; of abolishing many unjust ones, and restoring nationality and property to the descendants of those who had lost both by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. One of its last decrees, made at the instance of the Academy of Sciences, and proposed to the Assembly by Talleyrand, was to establish the uniformity of weights and measures throughout France, based on a system which they thought calculated to facilitate its general adoption by the rest of the nations of Europe.

The populace greeted the deputies generally on the close of their session with "*Vive la nation! Vive la nation!*" But to two of them a sort of ovation was accorded, and the cries (of sinister augury) "*Vive le vertueux Pétion!*" "*Vive l'incorruptible Robespierre!*" were reiterated with frantic enthusiasm when those two furious Jacobins appeared. Several of the more moderate members of the Assembly, induced by the ever-increasing lawlessness of the people, emigrated at this period, and Talleyrand also was desirous of leaving France; not as an emigrant, but in some official capacity. The pope had excommunicated him; his family then, and for some years after, held no intercourse with him, and men of his own social station classed him with the worst section of the revolutionary party. But though connected with Danton, Manuel, and other leaders of the Jacobin clubs, from the circumstance of his being member of the Département de Paris, participation in their deeds of violence and blood would have been far from congenial to him.

He was indolent from temperament; was a lover of ease, and of the pleasures and elegancies of social life. The part he had hitherto played in public, and to the end continued to play, had always the excuse of expediency to justify it. He himself once said (and it was within a few years of his death), "I have, through life, been invariably consistent, and kept fealty to every one, so long as common sense was his guide, but no longer." This explains much that has been thought far from consistent in M. de Talleyrand's political career.

Mirabeau first urged him to turn his

attention to diplomacy, for which he had remarked in him some special qualities. But it was not until Chauvelin was about to proceed to London, to endeavor to prevail on the English government to hold aloof from the coalition of Austria and Prussia, who, with the Duke of Brunswick and Gustavus of Sweden, were preparing to march on Paris to afford protection to the king and queen and their family—that opportunity offered for employing him diplomatically. He accompanied Chauvelin; but was charged with a secret mission—Chauvelin's ability as a negotiator being little relied upon—and also entrusted by the Palais Royal party with a large sum of money, to be disposed of in bribing the press, or in any other way likely to promote the objects the Duc d'Orleans had so much at heart. The duke was plotting, on the one hand to overthrow the monarchy and feigning a desire to establish a republic, while on the other he was busily intriguing to secure for himself the vacant throne, when the fate of Louis XVI. should be sealed by deposition, or death on the scaffold.

The revolutionary agents were not favorably received at the court of St. James's. The king was extremely frigid on their presentation to him, and Queen Charlotte is said never to have been known to be so haughty—she averted her face; almost turned her back on M. de Talleyrand-Périgord. But he was all smiles, as though receiving the most gracious reception, and afterwards said, "The queen probably honored them with the sight of her back, only to conceal from them her very ugly face." Sheridan and Fox gave him the cordial welcome due to his reputation of a *bon vivant*; and all were anxious to see this "*diable boiteux*" of the French Revolution. His distinguished birth, high-bred courtesy, and pleasing personal appearance; his perfumes and essences (he delighted in fragrant odors, even as much as did Robespierre); the perfection of taste in his dress (not yet *à l'incroyable*); his witty and agreeable conversation, sprightly *bons mots*, and graceful deference to the wisdom of woman's opinion—though he might be laughing in his sleeve at her weakness, and sometimes was able adroitly to turn it to account—all combined to dissipate prejudice. They even gained him a partisan or two amongst those who had pictured to themselves, in this excommunicated priest, a mere ruffian of the revolutionary assem-

bly; but whom, in diplomatic conference, they found to be no less reasonable than persuasive; while the *haute volée* of society was fain to confess that it had no more accomplished boudoir knight than he.

Talleyrand returned to France bearing with him, in the assurance of England's neutrality in the projected Continental invasion, the assurance of England's support to the revolutionary faction. The army on the frontier then excited less alarm. "Your most dangerous enemy is not there," exclaimed Brissot, "he is here in the midst of you; the most traitorous of traitors—the king!" The atrocities of the 10th of August immediately followed, to be soon after succeeded by the revolting massacres of the "September days." Meanwhile the *civisme* of M. de Talleyrand, and of all who seemed to recoil from these sanguinary proceedings, was called in question. It did not avail him that by his diplomatic ability he had been the means of imparting new life to the Revolution, and at a moment when it might, it is believed, have been crushed. But he had not looked for results of such startling horror, and as "common sense no longer guided the revolutionary movement," M. de Talleyrand fled—fled, like many others, to England. Then were heaped upon him charges of peculation; of taking bribes from all parties, and betraying them all; of fraudulent stock-jobbing; of being a traitor to the nation, and plotting to overthrow the constitution.

He denied all these charges in a letter addressed to the president of the Assembly, and Danton, a companion in the orgies of his wild youth, had the audacity to defend him. However, the new and more violent school of republicanism rejected him, as did also the royalist emigrants. Yet he continued to reside in England, even long after the execution of Louis XVI., when the British government expelled all emigrants suspected of having promoted, or voted for, the king's condemnation to death. But the priestly party both in England and Germany pursued him so unrelentingly as *un prêtre excommunié*, that he determined to cross the Atlantic, to seek there the peace denied to him in Europe, for "he was essentially a man of peace." There, for two or three years, he devoted himself to commerce; "*mais commerce si obscur*," says a French writer, "*qu'il n'a jamais osé l'avouer*," which is probably untrue, as he is believed to have been engaged in

extensive transactions in cotton-growing and in sugar, as well as in financial speculations.

When tidings reached America of the fall of Robespierre, and that with his execution on the 11th Thermidor (27th of July), and ninety-nine of his Jacobin adherents on the 12th and 13th, the Reign of Terror had ended, Talleyrand solicited permission to return to France. Blood had ceased to flow; and peaceable, if not yet glorious, days were now hopefully looked forward to. Madame de Staël, by whom he was "*fort aimé, encore*," and who then shone in all her oratorical glory in her re-established republican *salon*, added her persuasive eloquence to that of other fair friends, less influential but much attached to him, and his name was erased from the list of condemned emigrants. The attempted descent of the royalists on the coast of Normandy had just occurred, and a decree in consequence had been issued, that henceforth no emigrants could receive permission to return to France, and that their property was confiscated to the State in perpetuity. Yet some few exceptions were made. Talleyrand was one of them. He was declared to have "powerfully supported the Revolution by his noble conduct, both as citizen and ecclesiastic." And the government (Directory) not only recalled, but employed him on some secret mission to Berlin, and afterwards selected him to confer with Lord Malmesbury at Lille. The cloud which for some years had enveloped him now began to disperse. For though disliked by many, and his return even looked upon with suspicion, yet, strangely enough, when arrived he excited great interest, as one who had been far too hardly dealt with; and the women especially adopted this notion. He was then forty-two, but had contrived to preserve his smooth, fresh complexion; his flowing locks unthinned, and much of his youthful Adonis-like appearance. Roughing it in America—and life there, at that period, was very rough indeed—had taken nothing from the courtliness of his address, or the poignancy of his wit. He was still, in all respects, a *grand seigneur* of that old *régime* of which expatriation and wholesale murder had left so few specimens in Parisian society—if society it may be called—of that day; for the excesses of the Revolution had, with very rare exceptions, left their brutalizing mark on all.

M. de Talleyrand had, however, lost his faith—if one may suppose him ever to

have had any—in that grand wonder-working principle "*la liberté régénératrice*," which was to inaugurate the reign of wisdom, virtue, and justice in France, and eventually to regenerate the world. Perhaps, too, he was rather more bitter in his irony than of old, and the mockery of his smile may have had a shade more of cynicism than of levity in it. He returned to France, professedly, as a private citizen, unambitious of holding office, and seeking only retirement and rest after the storms of life he had encountered. General Lamoignon introduced him at the Luxembourg—where the five chief directors had established themselves, and where so much etiquette had begun to be observed that the citizen servant in attendance in the anteroom required Citizen Talleyrand to give up his cane—to him so needful as a support—before entering the august presence of the citizen president. Talleyrand was therefore obliged to limp in leaning on the arm of Lamoignon; to whom, when he accepted his proffered aid, he remarked: "*Il paraît, mon cher, que votre nouveau gouvernement a terriblement peur des coups de bâton.*"

At about this time Madame Grant appeared prominently in society, that is, in the *société intime* of M. de Talleyrand. He had established himself in a rather small but convenient and elegant hotel in the Rue d'Anjou, where Madame Grant, as his *protégée* and friend, did the honors. The ladies of his acquaintance were far more annoyed than shocked. "Monsieur de Talleyrand," says a lady, who was both his admirer and his contemporary, "*s'avait plaire, et il plaisait.*" And the ladies believed they pleased him, but were vexed and jealous beyond measure to learn that he professed to find "pleasing repose in the society of so stupid a woman, and much amusement and distraction in the simplicity and *naïveté*, as he termed it, of her conversation." That she was "*excessivement bête; sotté à s'impacienter,*" all were agreed, but that she was "*la plus belle bête*" imaginable none could deny. She had the most lovely blue eyes, and luxuriant golden hair; fair complexion; beautiful features, and a finely formed figure. She was perfect as a model for painter or sculptor, but without intelligence or culture. Yet Talleyrand not only admired her, he was for years deeply in love with her. Madame de Staël visited Madame Grant, as did M. de Talleyrand's friends generally, many probably like M. de Mon-

trond, but to laugh at her, and to collect her droll remarks for the amusement of other *salons*. But Madame de Staël looked on her as a rival, though an unworthy one. She could not comprehend how a man so *spirituel* as M. de Talleyrand, so capable of appreciating intellect like hers, should be enslaved by a woman who had no attraction beyond personal beauty. She reproached him, pitied him, lectured him in her grand declamatory style, and came to an open quarrel with him. All which he bore meekly, rarely replying but, in a half-sleepy way, smilingly listening to her vehement denunciation. Once, however, he was heard to exclaim, "O that she could make up her mind to detest me!" On one occasion, after having brought all her eloquence to bear upon him in reproaches for neglect, she concluded with, "*Enfin, vous ne m'aimez plus.*" "*Mais, madame,*" he answered, "*je vous aime toujours.*" "*Non, non,*" she said. Then, as if to test the truth of his assertion, she suddenly exclaimed, "*Vous m'aimez, toujours? — tenez, donc: si Madame Grant et moi nous tombions dans l'eau, laquelle sauveriez-vous?*" "*Je crois que vous savez nager, madame,*" he replied, opening his eyes and looking smilingly at her.

But notwithstanding these frequent lively quarrels, they remained excellent friends. Talleyrand was one of the most constant frequenters of her *salon*, and few dinners were given in the Rue d'Anjou at which Madame de Staël was not a guest. Her influence was considerable at that time, and she had much ascendancy over Barras. It is a period greatly vaunted by Madame de Staël. She and Benjamin Constant were satisfied with the state of public affairs under the Directory, but it could be only because their friends were in power, as at that period of the Revolution the greatest corruption prevailed in the exercise of every branch of authority. In July 1797 the post of minister of foreign affairs becoming vacant, the *portefeuille* of that department was conferred on Talleyrand. His nomination took place at a dinner given by Barras at his country villa at Surènes. Madame de Staël was present, and Barras was supposed to have acted a little under pressure from that quarter. But the directors were flattered by having attracted to their interests a man so distinguished, both for ability and thorough knowledge of the politics and diplomacy of Europe. Thus Talleyrand, though he had himself escaped the stigma of having voted for the king's

condemnation and death, became the minister of three regicides — Barras, Rewbell, and Carnot. On the same occasion, the young General Hoche, whose early and mysterious death removed a powerful rival from the path of Bonaparte, was appointed minister of war, though wanting three years of the required age — thirty. Talleyrand's influence, hitherto small, now increased apace, and he whose name had so lately been removed from the list of proscribed exiles affected to take the emigrants under his protection. He recalled whom he would, or rather those who could most substantially reward his services, for it must be conceded that throughout his career he was venal in all things.

Within two months of his acceptance of the *portefeuille*, the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor (4th of September, 1797) was accomplished. It abolished the legislative assembly, and placed Barras at the head of the government. Talleyrand's "Memoirs" may perhaps explain whether it was he or Bonaparte who originated this scheme. It was in the *salon* of Madame de Staël that Benjamin Constant first hinted that there was treason in the air. Talleyrand was present, also madame — and she was deeply concerned in the plot — for as Bonaparte at a later period remarked, "she was always conspiring in concert with her lovers; and Talleyrand, in complicity with fortune." Several executions took place on this occasion; but as M. de Talleyrand was not cruelly disposed, some seventy or more persons, obnoxious to the government, were by his order (given while his second rubber of whist was being arranged) merely deported to Cayenne. Condemnation to death would have been more merciful, for the greater part, after much suffering and privation on the voyage and on arrival, perished miserably. Talleyrand was then in active correspondence with Bonaparte, who was in Italy. He had not yet seen him; but from the style of his correspondence, and what he had learned of his character from his friends, he divined "the coming man," and prepared for his advent. General Kleber had said publicly, and Bernadotte — then Bonaparte's friend — supported his opinion, that "a military government was the only one suitable for France" — portentous words. Talleyrand smiled, but made no reply.

Society had been so thoroughly broken up and dispersed by the Revolution that, on Talleyrand's return to Paris, the re-



publican *salon* of the ambassadrice de Suède, and that of Barras, who, in a rather disorderly way, kept up a sort of state for himself and his colleagues at the Luxembourg and at Grosbois — where Madame Tallien presided — were the only ones at all numerously attended. But the hotel of the Rue d'Anjou did not readily open its doors to those mixed assemblages, and for a long time it was far from being a *maison sociable*. As the *corps diplomatique* became more numerous, official dinners were given at the Hôtel Galifet (the ministère d'affaires extérieures), and as M. de Talleyrand recalled, by degrees, his emigrant friends, amongst whom were several *femmes d'esprit*, who had fled France to avoid the fate that had befallen husbands and relatives during the Reign of Terror, he formed for himself a more congenial social circle. The elegant and perfumed *salon* of the Rue d'Anjou was then enlarged, to accommodate the increase of guests, by the addition of a gallery in the form of a conservatory. And there the remnant of the old French society found a refuge and a welcome.

Reclined on a rich velvet *fautuil*, or on a *chaise longue*, M. de Talleyrand — his flowing curls now powdered and scented — would listen in silence, and in a kind of cat's sleep, to the lively chit-chat of the ladies grouped around him, who cared more to amuse him than to amuse themselves. It is singular that one known to have been habitually so silent a man should have left a reputation for brilliancy in the social circle. From his habit of nearly closing his eyes — a habit that grew upon him as he advanced in years — he could scarcely have appeared even an attentive or interested listener. His drooped eyelids, and the smile on his face, would rather seemingly have indicated a mind occupied with some dreamy thoughts of its own. Yet when, occasionally, half rising from his seat, or changing his position, he opened his eyes on the company, with a glance full of *malice*, but not of ill-nature, and uttered some piquant remark or amusing *bon mot* (which he had, doubtless, been meditating), he gave, in a few words, a concentrated reply, as it were, to the whole conversation. And usually it was so fit, so appropriate, that it fixed itself in the memory of his hearers; unlike the wordy declamation which, as a noise in the air, floated away from Madame de Staël's admiring audience, without leaving a trace of its meaning in the mind.

How little has been recorded of Talley-

rand's conversation that is not in the form of an epigram or *bon mot*! Even in diplomatic conference he spoke very little. His colleagues guessed his opinions, rather than learned them from his words. And he never would argue; but after listening with an approving, almost deferential, air — as though thankfully receiving information — he gave his opinion on the question at issue; always, however, in the fewest words possible, and generally, as was deemed the perfection of cautious and *rust* diplomacy in that day (and the practice may even in these virtuous times be not wholly extinct), in a form that admitted, by a little straining of terms, of some difference in explanation, should he afterwards think it expedient to alter his views. Even in his own private circle he would play at whist or billiards — and he was fond of both — for hours, without uttering a word that was not strictly required by the game. He revived at his receptions the old French fashion of suppers — and they were suppers at which Brillat-Savarin often assisted. Talleyrand never partook of them; but it was then he most usually departed from his silent system and shared in the sprightly *causerie* of his guests. On these occasions, Madame Grant, who, less strict in her *régime* than Talleyrand, enjoyed the supper immensely, was accustomed to indulge in her most brilliant sallies. Simpleton as she was reputed to be, her remarks were often sufficiently stinging to bring two or three notes to Talleyrand next morning, inquiring whether such and such observations made by Madame Grant had not been made *avec intention*.

It was under the Directory that the "incroyable" and "merveilleuse" costumes competed for supremacy with Roman togas and Grecian drapery. The beau of the period enveloped his throat in two and a half ells of wide muslin or cambric. This he fenced round with the high standing collar of a short-waisted coat which fell low at the back in two long, narrow tails. It was also much cut away at the hips to give room for the puckerings and plaits of his wide *pantalon*. This ample garment was bunched up at the back in the form of a lady's bustle — its amplitude probably signifying that the wearer, no longer gloried in the appellation of *sans culotte*. His hair fell in ringlets around his immense cravat, and he was crowned with a hat so small that with difficulty he kept it on his head. M. de Talleyrand favored the *incroyable*

cravat, and by continuing to wear it prolonged its reign in the *beau monde*.

But all Paris was anxiously expecting the arrival of General Bonaparte. The young hero brought with him the treaty of Campo Formio. A brilliant reception awaited him, both from the jealous directors and enthusiastic people. Talleyrand, usurping the privilege of the minister of war, presented the "*vainqueur pacificateur*" to Barras, and, departing from his taciturn habits, pronounced a long eulogistic discourse, in which he hailed Bonaparte as "*l'homme des siècles*;" "who, contemning luxury and splendor, as the ambition of vulgar souls, delighted in poetry, and especially the poems of Ossian, which detach the mind from the things of earth." The general delivered the treaty. His speech was comprised in a few telling sentences: to which Barras made a long and dreary reply, concluding with "Take command of the army of England" (which existed only in name), "and by the conquest of that country, crown an illustrious life." *Fêtes* innumerable followed, and on all sides Bonaparte won golden opinions. But his ambition did not yet point towards the conquest of England. Talleyrand, knowing that it inclined to the East, suggested the expedition to Egypt. "*C'est le vœu de mon ambition; le rêve de ma vie!*" was the reply.

The expedition was secretly and speedily prepared, and his departure was the signal for another ovation. During his absence the extravagance of Barras and his affectation of reviving the trappings of State, together with the speculation, gross corruption, and disorder that prevailed in every department of the government, brought the chiefs of the Directory into contempt, and paved the way for the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire. In the interval Talleyrand resigned. He despised the Directory, but kept on good terms with Barras, while secretly strengthening the hands of the military party. "*La France avant tout*" was his motto, as we know: and he probably believed that Bonaparte possessed not only the strong, stern will, but also the "common sense" he looked for, as so much needed, to restore order in the State, and to give peace and prosperity to the almost ruined country. When Bonaparte returned from his Egyptian conquests, all was ready for action, and within three weeks after his arrival the *grand coup*, with much skill and audacity, was successfully effected. The Directory was

abolished and the consular government established. Talleyrand secured for Barras an ample income for life, and thus overcame his opposition, and induced him to give in his vote of adhesion to the new order of things.

The portefeuille for foreign affairs was again confided to Talleyrand, and the consulate, on the whole, was the period of his greatest influence. Bonaparte then placed full confidence in him, and no doubt he served his interests well, though without forgetting his own. He realized immense sums from the numerous emigrants who then eagerly petitioned him to obtain leave for their return to France. Foreign powers also bribed him largely to enter into their views, when a general peace seemed probable, and sent him portraits and snuffboxes enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. At the close of his public career, he possessed the stars, grand crosses, and cordons of every order that European sovereigns could confer on him.

He lived in princely style. Madame Grant received the *corps diplomatique* at a charming suburban villa at Auteuil, and the *beau monde* flocked to the *fêtes champêtres* he gave there in its gardens and grounds. The first consul sometimes looked with a jealous eye on this rival court, and on one occasion inquired of his foreign minister, with some severity, the origin of a fortune so immense. He replied, very astutely, that "he had speculated largely in the purchase of *rentes* the day before the 18th Brumaire, and on the 20th disposed of them." The flattery so slyly conveyed in this explanation did not fail, as he expected, in its intended effect. In May 1802 the peace of Amiens was signed, and at the same time the Concordat was proclaimed. As had been stipulated, the ban of the Church was then withdrawn from the recalcitrant Bishop of Autun, and he was also released from his ecclesiastical vows. Bonaparte, looking forward to an imperial court, desired to reform the morals as well as manners of society, and as he urged his officers to marry, so he urged marriage on Talleyrand, and once begged of him to think of it for a week. A few days only had elapsed when the Count de Narbonne announced, in the *salon* of Madame de Staël, that he had just witnessed the marriage of M. de Talleyrand. Great was the consternation. "Talleyrand married!" "And to whom?" "Madame Grant!" What a blow to Madame de Staël—and disappointment



to Bonaparte, too. The former would have relented towards *une femme d'esprit*; the latter had looked to welcome to his new imperial court *une très grande dame*. But to Madame Grant, become Madame de Talleyrand, the right of appearing there was conceded only on condition that she appeared but once. She was presented at St. Cloud. Joséphine smiled graciously upon her, but Bonaparte, addressing her with knitted brow, said, "Madame, now you are the wife of a distinguished man, I trust you will bear in mind the duties that position imposes on you." Prepared beforehand by her lord for any such emergency, Madame de Talleyrand replied, "Sire, I shall endeavor in all things to imitate her Majesty the empress." Josephine blushed; Bonaparte frowned; the lady curtsied low, and withdrew.

Time rolled on. Talleyrand was no longer minister. His influence had declined; for his voice was always for peace, and Bonaparte loved war. But he had been created Prince de Benevento—a title he rather contemned, as he did the titles of the new nobility of the empire generally. Not so, however, Madame la Princesse; she was proud of her newly acquired dignity, and, as an "*altesse sérénissime*," as she delighted to style herself, exacted an immense deal of homage.

After the fatal Russian campaign ("the beginning of the end"), Bonaparte in 1813, contrary to the advice of Talleyrand and Cambacérès, again prepared for war, and named Marie-Louise regent of the empire. Before setting out for the army, he has a conference with his former minister, brings many charges against him, and becomes so violent that he strikes him on the cheek. It is more than the loss of a battle to him. Talleyrand turns pale, commands his temper, but mentally vows revenge, and the downfall of Bonaparte is the result of his former minister's intrigues, almost as much as of his own rashness and persistence in carrying on the war. But that Talleyrand despatched Montreuil to assassinate Bonaparte, as he has been accused of doing, was never proved, and cannot be credited.

It is the 20th of March 1815; Louis XVIII. is king of France. Le Prince de Talleyrand is again ministre d'affaires étrangères, and he is at Vienna, where emperors, kings, and princes are amusing themselves at the Congress. Suddenly as a thunderclap comes the news, "The exile of Elba has landed in France."

The Congress is broken up, and Talleyrand hastens to Belgium, whither Louis XVIII. has already fled. An interview takes place; an unsatisfactory one, it would seem, as Talleyrand assures an inquirer that Louis has only told him that "all kings are ungrateful."

The battle of Waterloo is fought; Bonaparte is on his way to St. Helena, Louis XVIII. is once more king, and Talleyrand—retired from public life, with the title and appointments of grand chamberlain—lives *en prince* in his sumptuous hotel in the Rue St. Florentin, or at his châteaux of Valençay and Richecotte. La princesse, as her charms were on the wane, grew so jealous that Talleyrand thought a separation expedient, and for a few years she resided in England on a yearly allowance of sixty thousand francs. The king, hearing of her return, inquired of Talleyrand if it were true. "Quite true, sire," he replied; "I also was doomed to have my 20th of March." Death, however, soon released him from his once "*belle et bien-aimée amie*."

By the revolution of 1830 Charles X. was driven into exile, Louis Philippe d'Orleans placed on the throne of France, and the aged intriguer of the Rue St. Florentin sent to England as ambassador. In the Belgian affair, French writers assert that he was entirely dominated by the opinions of Lord Palmerston. The treaty of the Quadruple Alliance being signed, he returned to France, and finally withdrew from public life, though Louis Philippe continued constantly to consult him on foreign political affairs; and once he appeared at the Institute to deliver an address, or *éloge*, on the death of Reinhard. The greatest blot on his political career is thought to be his suggestion, or approval, of the seizure and execution of the Duc d'Enghien; but the infamy of that transaction belongs probably more to Bonaparte than to Talleyrand.

He died on the 17th of May, 1838, and it is gratifying to know that the speeches full of levity attributed to him by one set of writers, and the blasphemous ones by another, as witticisms uttered on his deathbed, are alike untrue. He desired, as his end drew near, to seek a milder climate, and was thinking of visiting Italy. But the suffering he underwent during an operation, and the exhaustion that followed, from which he had not strength enough to rally, put an end to this projected journey, and, gradually sinking, death soon followed. When Louis Phi-

lippe, informed of his dangerous condition, hastened to visit him, he pressed the hand of one who was already unconscious, and too near death even to return the pressure, much less could he exchange unmeaning compliments and talk of "the honor done to his house." The anxiety of the Duchesse de Dino, his niece, and the pious zeal of M. Dupanloup to effect a conversion *in extremis*, may have disturbed his last hours by vain attempts to rouse him to consciousness and induce confessions he had not the power to utter. A recantation of past errors was prepared for his signature in the form of a letter to the pope, and a pen being placed in the hands of the dying man, by the guidance of another hand a name was traced. Without it, his body would not have been allowed entrance to the Church of the Assumption. It lay there until removed to the family vault at Valençay, together with the remains of the Duc d'Archambault, his brother, who died at the same time, and was buried with him under the same splendid mausoleum.

Talleyrand was greatly beloved by the various members of his family, and in his distinguished social circle he had many old and faithful friends who sincerely esteemed and admired him. Most of the servants of his numerous household had lived with him many years, and were all much attached to him. This speaks well for his character in private life. On his public career it would be unfair to pass judgment without taking into consideration the lawlessness and turbulence, the immorality and corruption, both social and political, which characterized the stormy epoch in which he was called to play a very prominent part. If he did not pass through it blameless he was less guilty than many others; if his hands were not pure, at least they were not bloodstained, and it is possible that, as Bourrienne, who knew him well, says, "History will speak as favorably of him as his contemporaries have spoken ill."

C. C. J.

From The Argosy.

#### THE MYSTERY OF DR. HARDY'S MARRIAGE.

BY ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

It was a standard question in Dinnent—Why had Dr. Hardy married Miss Ray? Even when that lady had been Mrs. Hardy

for some years, the old puzzle would serve to quicken Dinnent conversation when it flagged, or to point the moral of the general uncertainty of human actions.

There was no such terrible disparity between the worldly circumstances of the couple. Both belonged to respectable Dinnent families. Perhaps the Hardys had been the more respected, but the Rays were held to be the better off, a belief which Miss Lydia Ray's astonishing marriage had tended to confirm. Old Mr. Ray was thought to be a miser, perhaps on the theory that nobody but a rich man could look poor so frankly. The Rays had mixed little in Dinnent society, only giving a stiff tea-party now and then. Mrs. Ray had been long dead, and the family consisted of the old gentleman and three daughters, the youngest of whom, Lydia, became the fortunate Mrs. Hardy. The Rays' house was called Briar Cottage; and there were no flowers in its garden and very few ornaments in its rooms. The Misses Ray had always dressed with an artificial and elaborate primness, and the two elder sisters were dry and stiff in manner, as if the over-forward advances of the world needed much repelling.

The Hardy family had been of quite another stamp. They lived in the Red House, and every little urchin in Dinnent knew the Red House and its ways, and its abundant jams and sweets. There had been rather "hard lines" there in Dr. Hardy's boyhood, for his father had died suddenly, and left his widow very poorly provided for. But she got through somehow, and was still seated in the chimney-corner—a jolly old lady, who received her daughter-in-law without wincing, and who, if she shared Dinnent's wonder at the match, never allowed Dinnent to know it.

Dr. Hardy himself had been a popular character from his very cradle. He was thoroughly good-hearted and well-meaning, and yet he had certain weaknesses and foibles which got him into scrapes, and saved him from the spite which is too often the lot of a strong and militant virtue.

He was a curious mixture of activity and indolence. Perhaps he may be described as physically active and mentally lazy. It was easy for him to perform feats of strength and endurance—to ride twenty miles at midnight to see a sick child; to spend night after night beside sick-beds instead of in his own. But it had never been easy for Edward Hardy

to make up his mind, and then stick to it.

Perhaps some of Dr. Hardy's popularity was due to the fact that it was by no means easy for him to run counter to anybody while he was in that person's presence. Silence was his utmost dissent, and rarely indeed was that unaccompanied by a smile or a dubious gesture.

But these trifles were not likely to detract from his importance, when he turned his back on colleges and hospitals, and settled down in Dinnent, a clever young medical man, bright in face and kindly in manner, with pleasant family traditions behind him and good financial prospects before.

Whom would he marry? had then been Dinnent's question regarding him. Laura Devine, the mayor's daughter, had been suggested. Laura's beauty had a consumptive cast, and the young doctor was often at the mayor's house. Some people said a doctor would be too wise to marry a sickly woman, but others remarked that it was a proverb that nobody went so ill-shod as the shoemaker's wife. Others, again, suggested one of the daughters of Mrs. Rowe, the widow of the last vicar. The doctor went there often too, and that must be quite non-professionally, for Rose and Sarah Rowe were as sturdy as the hawthorn trees, and their mother was constantly boasting that nobody who had a good constitution and common sense needed to trouble a doctor at all. In fact, Rose and Sarah sometimes wished that their mother would not be so loud in these proclamations. They feared they might hurt Dr. Hardy's feelings, and could scarcely believe in the sincerity with which he endorsed them.

Though these three young ladies carried off the palm of probability, almost every other girl in Dinnent was casually contemplated in the same light. Even the poor orphan, Lucy Craven, who served in the Dinnent bookseller's shop, was suspected of having "upsetting ideas," and of being just the girl (well, her gown was very black and her face was very white!) "to bewitch a fine young fellow with more chivalry than knowledge of the world."

But nobody—no, not deep old Mrs. Simeon, at the Gate House, nor sharp Miss Rutter, of the Grange, ever thought of Lydia Ray.

The oversight was not wonderful. Dinnent had seen the three sisters coming in and going out for nearly forty years, always dressed alike, always prim, precise,

and proper. If anybody had thought of Lydia, they must have also thought of Miss Eliza and Miss Jane. Only quite elderly people knew exactly which were the elder of the three, for between thirty-two and forty there is not always a very striking difference of appearance. But one must draw a line somewhere, and considering that Dr. Hardy was not much more than seven-and-twenty, the Dinnent ladies thought they drew the line among themselves wide enough when they drew it from sixteen to thirty. If you were to draw a line wider than that, where were you to stop?

Nobody felt any suspicion, even when Lydia Ray sickened, and Dr. Hardy was summoned to attend her. It was not his first introduction to Briar Cottage, for Lydia's sickness grew out of a dangerous illness of her father's. The Rays did not call in a doctor for slight occasions. They made no such boast as Mrs. Rowe's, and indeed that valiant matron would probably have said that there was not a good constitution or a grain of common sense among the lot. But they had their little dietings and dosings, and never dreamed of a doctor until the vision of an undertaker loomed not very far behind him.

Old Mr. Ray really had "a very bad turn," as the old ladies called it. He lost the use of his limbs and he wandered in his mind, and for a long time it was very doubtful whether strength or consciousness would ever return. Dinnent pressed all sorts of help on Briar Cottage, for Dinnent was not an unkindly place, though it loved to serve with its right hand that its left hand might know what it had done. But the pale ladies of Briar Cottage put aside all proffers of succor. In those days enquirers always saw Miss Eliza, or Miss Jane. They said that Miss Lydia was the nurse, and Miss Jane was apt to add, rather sarcastically, that "Lydia thought nobody was any use but herself."

"And if she's any use at all, she's right in her opinion of the others," said candid Mrs. Rowe.

But old Mr. Ray rallied, though slowly, and proved a very troublesome convalescent. Briar Cottage returned to its accustomed ways, except that Miss Eliza and Miss Jane took their walks alone, and had their meals together in the faded dining-room, sending portions up-stairs for the invalid and the nurse. They felt that Lydia had put them aside when "there was really something to be done,"

and it never occurred to their peevish pride to offer to relieve her now, when all danger was past. So, worn out with anxiety and watching, Lydia spent day after day in a close and heated atmosphere, driven to her wits' end by the ceaseless worrying of a narrow and embittered nature, and pained and chilled by the coolness and implied disapprobation of her sisters.

All this while she and the young doctor had scarcely exchanged twenty unnecessary words. Lydia herself had a friendly heart, but it had lived among unfriendly natures. She thought that Eliza and Jane felt as she did, and she believed it was right, and indeed necessary, that she should act as they did, and draw back and keep aloof from any kindly contact with one's fellow creatures. Not that she could ever do it from the same motives, for Eliza and Jane did it from an innate sense of superiority, while she was deeply impressed with her own unworthiness. Though a casual observer might have found it hard to distinguish one of the "three old maids" from the other, Lydia Ray was quite of a different nature from Eliza and Jane. She must have resembled their mother, who had been dead so long that none of her daughters remembered her. But this difference only made her the more subject to the family will and tradition. Eliza and Jane differed, wrangled, and were far more independent of each other than was Lydia of either of them. They were at bottom in sympathy: they made their own atmosphere, and thrived in it, to the limited extent of the thriving power which was in them. Lydia was simply repressed. Like a withering plant in a dark closet, her real life was shut up within herself, while externally she reflected as a mirror the forms of those about her.

Had Lydia Ray ever left Briar Cottage and gone out alone for a single month, it is not likely that on her return she would have succumbed so utterly. But Briar Cottage represented her world, and if anything within her found no response there, she had no idea, no hope that it might find response elsewhere. Few men can realize the existence of such women. They pass about the world, they look contented, often cheerful, they seem well provided. In reality, they are creatures who have never found their element; though, less fortunate than fishes, they can go on living without it.

Lydia had had her young dreams of friendship — even of love. She knew her

sisters would call these foolish, and she innocently accepted their verdict. She looked with her gentle, wistful eyes into other people's households, and wished that Eliza or Jane had found somebody good enough to marry, so that she might have been godmother to their children, and helped with their bringing up. She had not courage to have a dream husband and dream babies of her own: she had only a dream brother-in-law and dream nephews and nieces.

And all these years the wolf of poverty had been drawing nearer and nearer to the shabby porch of Briar Cottage. Little house-properties lost in value; one or two investments stopped their dividends altogether; Eliza and Jane grew only sharper and sourer, and condemned the little luxuries they were obliged to cut off. It was under a blow of this sort that old Mr. Ray had sickened.

Then, for the first time, Lydia had been obliged to oppose herself to her sisters. She had no will of her own to do it. It was the sick man himself who drove the others from his room, saying that their voices went through his head, that their hands were cold, and their attentions worrying. He had never before preferred Lydia — of his three children perhaps she had been the least favored hitherto. Eliza and Jane withdrew affronted. Each shed some bitter tears apart, and then by common consent, but without one spoken word, they henceforth implied that Lydia had arrogated to herself the post of nurse, and that they only hoped she had sense and strength to do her duty to their poor dear father.

While their father's illness continued at its height, Lydia believed that her sisters' asperity was due to their anxiety about him, and to their very natural doubts of her skill and ability. But during his recovery it slowly dawned upon her that a gulf had suddenly opened in the dry soil of the family life, and that she was left standing alone on one side of it. For as he regained strength, her father's preference for her vanished, and he openly chafed at the "other girls" leaving him so much to her society, as, with a malicious dutifulness, they persisted in doing, except when expressly commanded to the contrary.

It was not much that Lydia had lost, for it was little that she had ever had. But it seemed a great deal to her, and it was her all. Nobody knew that she suffered; probably she did not know herself: she was too humble to think that

anything she could feel could be worthy the name of pain. But day after day the stairs grew more wearisome, and the furniture heavier, and the food less appetizing. And one evening a strange mist hung over everything—indoors as well as out-of-doors. And next morning she could not lift her head from her pillow, and Dr. Hardy had a new patient.

Dr. Hardy understood the situation very fairly, as doctors often do. He had had his colloquies with Eliza and Jane. Even now they were not slow to lay Lydia's illness at her own door. "She would not let them take their fair share of their father's illness, and now she had come upon them herself." He wanted them to hire a trained nurse to wait on their sister; and fearing lest their pride might resent and resist any supposed slight on their own powers, he slyly urged that the train of illness was likely to lengthen out if all the care were cast on delicate and sensitive relatives. That did not gain his end, but it mollified the ladies. Had Lydia been conscious, she might have wondered at the effect produced by so slight a compliment from one of that sex which her sisters despised so heartily!

Lydia's illness was that sort of low fever which lingers along and often leaves deep traces behind it. Eliza and Jane never quite believed in it. They thought Lydia did not bear up well. When she was worse they chid her; when she was better they exhorted her. They would read aloud to her; and if she asked them to stop, they felt so injured that it was easier to let them go on, at any cost of confused brain and bewildered dream.

Dr. Hardy grew to pity the pale, quiet woman, who seemed to watch for his coming, because he brought the comfort of a comprehending and sympathetic presence. She interested him as the first revelation of the sad subjection which underlies so many women's lives. Its result he had often seen before: the secret of its process had not hitherto been displayed to him. But he felt little more than a pathological interest, with a genuine healer's instinct to relieve. Not only was she thirty-six, and wan and faded, but her mind was as little likely to fascinate him as her face. It had been starved on the direst and poorest nutriment, and her sympathies, like the limbs of a man long fettered to a seat, were now scarcely able to stir themselves. Dr. Hardy was twenty-seven, his whole nature throbbing with the ambitions and visions

of an ardent, warm-hearted young man who does not even dream that anything in the world or in himself can hinder or check the strong tide of energy he feels within him. It was simply because he was so glorying in the race of life before him that this poor thing, who had never left the starting-point, touched his heart and craved from him a little help, which at its utmost could be so small.

He brought her books to beguile her convalescence. He could easily see where she stood intellectually, and he did not startle her by presenting too violently-opposed mental standpoints, nor shock her by requiring too far a leap from her accustomed ground. It might have astounded Edward Hardy had he guessed how difficult it would have been for anything from him to startle or shock her. Accustomed all her life to unquestioning loyalty to her standards, she had now made him one of them. Under cover of his medical authority had grown up another. She began to make an unconscious reference to his opinion on all subjects. It was a formidable rival, even to that of Eliza and Jane.

As she recovered, one wretched trace of her illness did not yield. In its course she had grown deaf; and this deafness continued, though, like most nervous affections, it varied much in intensity. This troubled her sadly, because she saw it troubled others, who did not disguise that they found it troublesome. Jane wore a wrap round her throat because she "had strained it, shouting at Lydia." Lydia's recovery was visibly retarded when she found the deafness did not go. In her heart she wished she had died, and then shed sorrowful tears over her wicked rebellion. She clung more and more to Dr. Hardy's daily visits. He did not seem to blame her for her suffering. After he had been with her for a few minutes, she could hear his voice more readily than the others, though on his first coming in she was always at her worst, since any excitement, painful or pleasing, served to increase the affliction.

Still she gradually progressed, and she said to herself that Dr. Hardy would very soon discontinue his visits. (She had already overheard Eliza and Jane discussing their cost, and she felt a pang of self-reproach that she had pleasure in what involved the expenditure of their scanty means.) No further thought was in that simple, unworldly mind. There had been grey days before—there was a gleam of sunshine now—and then there



would be grey days again, just a little darker. She hoped that perhaps Dr. Hardy might oftener than before find his way to Briar Cottage as a friendly visitor. After his long professional attendance, even Eliza and Jane might think him privileged to dispense with a formal invitation.

It was a glorious summer afternoon. On Dinnent High Street the sun had poured mightily, and there the air was close, and a little thickened by dust. But on the moorland roads around a breeze would be blowing, and past snug old farms those roads would dip through leafy hollows, where even noontide had not scorched. Dr. Hardy, leisurely driving out, behind his sturdy pony, thought on these things, and how, at the very moment, Lydia Ray was probably tottering round her narrow, weedy garden, hearing just enough to catch some of her sisters' sharpest words. Why should not he volunteer to give his patient a drive? He was going some miles by a lovely route to visit a case in which there was no fear of infection. Dr. Hardy was never slow to carry out an idea, when there was nobody to oppose it. He pulled up his pony before the gate of Briar Cottage. And there sure enough was Lydia, seated on a garden-chair, quite alone, looking very pale and dragged.

Dr. Hardy had to repeat his invitation twice before she caught his meaning, and then her face lit with intense pleasure. Such a thing was so unprecedented, so outside the usual range of Eliza and Jane's opinions, that she actually forgot all about them, and accepted it without any reference to them. The very idea seemed to bring back her youth. A long, long drive over the moors gave a sense of boundless freedom to one whose peregrinations had for years been limited to the shops, the church, and the neighboring villas. She assured Dr. Hardy that her preparation should not detain him five minutes, and left him in the garden, smiling indeed, yet half sad to think that so small a pleasure seemed to be worth so much.

But Lydia remembered Eliza and Jane, and trembled when, on her way to her own room, she had to pass those ladies seated at the window, working. She paused timidly, and said that Dr. Hardy had offered to take her for a drive; he thought it would do her good, and so did she.

Eliza said "Humph." Jane remarked, "You are quite your own mistress, Lydia.

But all Dinnent will say you are trying to delude that youth into marrying you."

"Surely Dinnent can never be so foolish," answered Lydia, opening her eyes wide at a suggestion so entirely new to her own mind. "Well, I can't say I will not go, now I have said I will." And secretly she was very glad that for once she had made a decision before asking advice.

She left the door open between the rooms while she dressed, and Eliza, watching her, drily remarked, "The ride won't do you any the more good, Lydia, for your putting on your best bonnet. This afternoon, between sun and dust, will do it more damage than three months' ordinary wear."

"Never mind, it has been saved for three months during my illness," Lydia answered, and resolutely tied her strings. It was not a very expensive bonnet, nor a very smart one, for straw and ribbons were alike of a very modest brown, except where a single blue bow adorned the cap, which was the fashion of those days. Lydia had scarcely put it on before, and as she looked in the mirror she thought it was more becoming than most of her bonnets. Perhaps it was the flush and excitement of her pleasure which did it justice.

In her harmless happiness her gentle heart wanted to be in peace and love with everybody, and as she passed her sisters she kissed first Jane and then Eliza, only winning from the former the sardonic response,—

"I don't suppose you are going away forever, Lydia."

But when she rejoined Dr. Hardy there was a restraint in her manner which would not have been there but for her sister's words. The more foolish and uncalled-for she felt they were, the more they hurt her, and underneath their petty worry there stirred a strange pang which she could not comprehend, a sense of too-lateness and of irrevocable years. But she bravely set herself to drink the cup of simple pleasure which was offered to her, albeit there was a taste of wormwood on its brim. And summer skies, and yellow gorse and leafy dingles keep spells of their own, even for a kept-down old maiden, so long as her heart is not bitter, nor her eyes turned inward. And as they drove swiftly through the freshening breezes, Lydia felt quite contented and very thankful for many things.

Edward Hardy remembered that her deafness would be probably increased,



for the time, by the unwonted scenes and motion, to say nothing of the rattle of the wheels. And like a true doctor, he resolved to do nothing to call her attention to her affliction, but to leave her to take her own pleasure in her own quiet way. Every now and then he glanced at the soft blue eyes gazing so eagerly around, and presently he smiled to hear that, quite unconsciously, she was crooning an old song. While he visited his patient, she dutifully held his horse for him, and when he came out, and saw the reviving vigor of her pose, and the faint rose on her thin cheek, he said to himself that the springs of our neighbor's life and health may often lie among little thoughtfulness and kindnesses which we too often forget or neglect.

"Poor thing," he thought, "if I may prescribe quinine for her, why may I not do this?" And then he added, aloud, "Miss Lydia, will you like to take another drive with me to-morrow?"

She started, and flushed deeply, and did not answer for a moment. Dr. Hardy made a mental note: "More nervous than I thought she was." Her voice sounded full of tears, as she replied, —

"You cannot mean it."

"Indeed I do," he returned.

"Oh, Dr. Hardy!" she said, "how can I answer such a question like this?"

"Why not?" asked the young man, quite feelingly, for he was shocked at what seemed to be such a fatal sign of exhaustion and feebleness. "Why not? It concerns nobody but you and me?"

"But I am so old and so stupid," she said. "I should think you were mocking me, but I know you are too good to do that."

"She has stayed at home, and been scolded until her brain is softening," reflected the doctor; "but I certainly never saw any sign of this before. Why, there is nothing to make a fuss about!" he cried cheerily; "just yes or no, and the matter is settled."

"Then 'yes,'" she said, adding, with a sudden burst of tears, "it ought to be 'no' for your sake, for it is not fair to you."

"Why, Miss Ray," went on the doctor, pretending not to notice her agitation, "the very chaise is made for two, and I don't believe the pony knows you are here to-day."

"What will Eliza and Jane say?" she asked, presently, in a very subdued voice.

"Hang Eliza and Jane!" said Dr. Hardy.

"And your mother?" she suggested, timidly.

The doctor burst into a hearty laugh, and rejoined: "The dear old mammy does not mind what else I do, so long as I keep a little of my charming society for herself."

"And of course you will give her as much of that as ever," said Lydia, "and indeed I hope I may be some little comfort to her myself."

"What a sentimental way of putting things women have," thought the doctor. "That's a hint that she would like to come to our house a little. I don't wonder at it; the dear old mammy and her knitting-needles are quite lively dissipation compared with those dreadful Fates and their everlasting embroidery."

"Well, I never expected this; it never occurred to me that such a thing was possible," said Lydia gently, as to herself.

"I don't quite see why she need have expected it," thought Dr. Hardy, glancing down at her, and thinking how bright and hopeful she looked, and marvelling how one short drive could have wrought such a change in a woman's face.

"I have heard some say that they felt when this was coming," she went on softly. "I'm glad I didn't, or I should have been frightened, and then it might never have happened. But, oh," she said, looking up, with a pain flitting across her forehead, "now the people will think they have every right to say what Jane said they would."

"And in the name of wonder what was that?" asked the doctor, pulling at his reins, and not profoundly interested, though he feigned a civil curiosity.

"She said they would say I was trying to delude you into marrying me," answered Lydia. "I'm sure I did not. I'm sure you, at least, know that I did nothing to make you ask me so suddenly."

Dr. Hardy's heart jumped and pounded heavily against his side. He saw it all now. His simple question, "Will you like to take another drive with me to-morrow?" had been heard as "Will you let me take you to be my wife forever?" or words to the like effect. The offer he had never made was accepted, and he was an engaged man against his will. What could he do? A word would set it right — would drive away the strange sunshine that was beginning to palely glimmer over that barren life — aye, and send that poor heart back to its hopeless imprisonment with a new stamp of shame and wrong upon it. And Dinnent was already in

sight. And here were Mrs. Rowe and her two daughters walking towards them up the hill!

That buxom matron hailed them with a loud and hearty greeting—was glad to see the invalid looking so well, and hoped Dr. Hardy was not overworking himself.

"And upon my word, Miss Ray," went on the vicar's widow, accustomed to plan and control, "now we've met you, I think we may as well go back with you to Briar Cottage, for I want to ask your father a question about my life insurance. If you can get down here I'll take charge of you to your home. You can lean on me as much as you like; and that will spare Dr. Hardy driving out of his way to set you down at your gate; for I'm sure he looks as if he needed his tea!"

"Won't you come home with me now?" said Lydia, rather piteously, to the doctor, as he instantly prepared to alight. She knew nothing of the ways and manners of lovers, so that she was not hurt by his alacrity in parting from her. But she felt frightened to meet her father and sisters, to whom she felt it was her bounden duty at once to announce the strange and momentous change in her existence.

"I'll come in this evening," he said huskily, "in about an hour's time." It seemed impossible to break the truth to her here and now: it would be easier when she was resting on her own little couch in her own shady parlor.

He hurried on to his own home. His stable-boy wondered what was the matter with him when he flung him the reins without his usual word and joke. His mother was out, had gone to take tea with a neighbor; and the surgery was full of people—tedious, worrying people, with chronic neuralgias and indigestion. Dr. Hardy could find neither the sympathetic society which soothes nor the solitude which strengthens; yet, had his mother been at home, he doubted if he could have told her of his dilemma, its ludicrousness was so patent, its pathos was so subtle. She would certainly have laughed, and somehow a laugh would have jarred him. And he fancied she might have made some severe remarks on Lydia Ray, and they would have jarred him still more. Besides, he had no right to share this trial with anybody. He and Lydia must get through it by themselves. Women must forgive him that he did not remember this at once. It only escaped his mind, because, being a man, he did not fully realize how disgraceful it is for a woman to be ready to fall in love!

He dismissed the last grumbling old woman from the surgery, hastily swallowed a cup of tea, and then set off to Briar Cottage. He would not give himself time to think. "The best operations are often done impromptu," he said to himself.

As he turned into the lane where the cottage stood, there was Mrs. Rowe, not a hundred yards from its gate, in full conversation with the greatest gossip in Dinnent, and both were laughing heartily. "Was it possible?"—but no, he would not believe it, and pushed forward manfully, intending to pass the ladies with a wave of his hat and a brief "good evening." But they both held out their hands to him.

"Let us wish you joy, doctor," cried Mrs. Rowe, in a voice strong enough to reach Mrs. Simeon, who was watering the flowers in her garden hard by. "Let us wish you joy. But you have given us a turn, for all that. You've put us quite on a wrong scent! And to see how grave you looked this afternoon, as if all the poor sick babies and grandmothers were weighing on your mind! But why did you let me separate you? I've had a courting time myself, doctor, and I have feelings. Poor thing! I noticed she was trembling like a leaf; and when I led her in, I said to Eliza, 'Take her away to lie down awhile.' And in five minutes' time Eliza came down and told us all the news."

Now, what could Dr. Hardy do? Could he tell Lydia's blunder to these two amused women, before she even knew it herself? Perhaps he could scarcely do better than he did, which was to say quietly,—

"Thank you, ladies; I am sure you will excuse me from any delay."

"Oh, certainly," they both said. And he felt they turned and watched him as he went on.

"That's not love," observed the gossip. "He's thinking of old Ray's money. Perhaps he's in some difficulty—one never knows."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Rowe. "He doesn't know what he's doing. Money may pay for the coals, but it does not warm a hearth, for all that."

When the little servant of Briar Cottage opened the door, he saw she knew all about it. Jane met him in the hall, and she intended her words to be cordial, but her tone was acid as she said,—

"Well, Dr. Hardy, we never expected this!"

Again he could not bring himself to respond "Neither did I." He had a vision of Lydia, lonely, weeping, utterly humiliated beneath the scoffs and jeers of these two cold, hard sisters. He even had a vision of a new name on the Ray tombstones in Dinnent churchyard. He was a soft-hearted fellow. And he was not vain. It was not from any sense of his own value that he estimated Lydia's loss, but from his knowledge of her poor cabined life.

"I should have thought Lydia would not like to have such a young lover," said Eliza. "It almost looks as if she could not be appreciated by her contemporaries. Poor dear Lydia, she never did seem to be very attractive. I always wondered at it, for she never seemed hard to please. But perhaps that was the explanation. Would not you like to go up-stairs to see her, Dr. Hardy? I told her she had better not leave her own room again to-night. This sort of thing is so new to her that it has quite upset her."

Walking like a man in a dream, Dr. Hardy found his way to the well-known room. Was this where he had coolly felt pulses, and lightly talked small talk? Yes; there was the familiar row of devotional books, and the little work-basket with the red lining. And there was Lydia herself, with tearful eyes and outstretched hands, exclaiming,—

"Oh, Dr. Hardy, Jane and Eliza are so angry, and I don't know what to do! They say you can't understand what you are about. Am I really so hateful that it is ridiculous for anybody to—like me?"

"My dear Miss Lydia, you are very sweet and lovable," said the doctor soothingly.

"And Jane made me tell her everything—and she said there was nothing natural about it," sobbed Lydia, adding, with a faint spurt of feminine malice, "I can't think how Jane knows!"

Dr. Hardy stood astounded. He knew that the pitiful appeal, and the little family revelations were quite what might be expected under the circumstances which Lydia believed in; but under those which he knew, they seemed terrible and shocking.

"Please, sir," said the little servant, opening the door, "master says will you come to him in his room; he wants to speak with you."

"Now for it!" thought Dr. Hardy. "Now I'll make it right somehow. I'll get a chance of explaining, or perhaps the old gentleman will take the papa's

usual part and raise objections, and I'll accept them, and get out of it without hurting the poor thing's feelings."

But what was his horror, when the grim old man, miser by repute, and cynic and misanthrope by profession, advanced towards him with tearful eye and trembling lips, and said, eagerly,—

"Sir, I honor you. From any other man, I should have suspected this offer was made with a view to the fortune with which Dinnent credits us. But you have known the secrets of our prison-house. And you have had a heart pure enough to be attracted by Liddy's filial devotion and sisterly patience, although the first bloom of her youth is past, and gibing girls, whom most fools think so angelic, would scorn her as half an old maid. Sir, you have given me back some of my lost faith in human nature. And you have relieved a father's heart, and a proud heart, sir, that would rather be deemed a miser than be counted poor. That's because Daniel Ray knows the world, sir. The other girls won't be a burden to you; there's enough for them: but it's sometimes troublesome to get at, Dr. Hardy—troublesome to get at, and it's a relief to my mind that they'll have a man to look to them, and keep them from making their poor little money matters a laughing-stock in Dinnent. Many a time did I say to my poor wife, when she was lying, slowly dying, 'What am I to do with three helpless girls?' And she used to say, 'Daniel, there will be ways opened before you.' She had always faith in God, my dear wife had, and Lydia takes after her, and I'm beginning to think there's something in it after all."

Could Dr. Hardy open his mouth, and with one sentence destroy the old man's new-found faith in him, in human nature, and in God? Dr. Hardy could not. Nothing fought on his side. He was fancy free. Not only had Lydia no living rival—she had not even an ideal one. The young man had had his passing attractions; but he had never yet seen a woman whom for three whole months together he had desired to be his wife. And he let old Mr. Ray take his arm and lead him back to Lydia's room, and when the feeble, aged hands joined Lydia's and his, and folded softly over them, then in her father's presence the young man bowed his head and solemnly kissed the drooping forehead of the trembling woman. He did it, as in a dream, and yet, as in some dreams, he felt a weight about his heart, and a sense that something had

gone wrong, which could never be set right.

"I hope Jane noticed he kissed me now," mused Lydia. For that had been one of Jane's tart questions after the revelation on the return from the ride. When Lydia had modestly answered "No," Jane had laughed so mockingly, that Lydia, roused, had reminded her that they had been only on the moor under the open eye of Heaven; and Jane had returned that she knew well enough that those who wished could easily give a kiss and take a kiss on Dinnent Moor. Lydia wondered at Jane, and wondered what else Jane might know, and now she hoped that Jane would notice that her lover had paid her the due attention, so that his previous reticence had been evidently but the most delicate chivalry.

On his return home, Dr. Hardy found his mother seated at her knitting beside the fire, for one was always lit for her in the evening, summer or winter. He sat down beside her, but he did not much respond to her cheery chatter. He rose to retire before she did, and gave her his usual good-night without adding another word. But when she went to her own room, she found a slip of paper on her toilet table.

"Dearie me!" she cried, fumbling for her spectacles, "this is an old trick of his. This is what he always did when he wanted a new cricket set, or leave to go botanizing! He has not done it since those days, and what can he want now, that he can't get without my leave? What does it say?"

"Dear mother," she read, "I am engaged to marry Miss Lydia Ray. I am sure she is a good woman, and I hope she will make you a kind daughter. Your loving son, Edward."

"Well — to — be — sure!"

The old lady took off her spectacles and sat down. She had often looked forward to this occasion, and all the possible circumstances she had foreseen had been different from the reality — except one condition, which, as it rested with herself, was in her own hands. This was, that her first duty would be to remember that Edward must marry to please himself, and that she must look at his wife through his eyes.

"And, indeed," she said, with a pathetic laugh, "I've hardly got to try to do that, for it really seems as if Edward, in his choice, had looked through my eyes instead of his own. There's no denying that Lydia Ray will be a pleasanter

daughter-in-law to me than ninety-nine out of a hundred. She won't want everything changed and chopped about. I have known what that loud-talking Mrs. Rowe has had in her mind, when she has come here and looked about and said, 'If this was my house I should do so and so, and have such and such.' Still, my boy did seem worthy of all that is sweetest and best in womankind. And why should I seem to imply that Lydia Ray is less than that? Perhaps the angels see a younger heart in her than in many a red-cheeked girl. If only — but 'if' is a little word that can be slipped in in most places. And so I'll go and kiss my boy; I'll not tell him that Lydia Ray has set a trap and caught him, for that is only what I always felt I did myself with his dear father; but I'll tell him that what pleases him pleases me, and that it seems in this matter as if what pleases me pleases him."

The dear old woman left her candle outside her son's door. He took her kind words very quietly, and put up his hand and gently squeezed the fingers she passed tenderly over his hair. But when she was gone, he turned his face to the wall, and who shall say if, in the darkness, there came a few hot tears? With his own hand he thus put away forever all that most men call the romance of existence. He had thought to do a slight kindness, and the sacrifice of a lifetime had fallen upon him. It must fall now, on him or on Lydia. He was the stronger; he had had most happiness hitherto. Even this would not blight his life so thoroughly as her life would be blighted otherwise. And she was a good woman, and might have been so pretty and attractive if she had had a fair chance! If men, on all hands, regardless of the highest happiness of the heart, married for money, for connection, for comfort, was he not free to surrender his to save from humiliation, and to give peace and joy to, a patient creature, who had lived so long and so well without them?

It was a heroism which grew out of a weakness. But more heroisms do that than we always care to fancy. We all do wrong, for we are all, as simple folks say, "mortal." But some of us choose to suffer as far as we can for our own errors, rather than to inflict that suffering on others, even on those whose own mistakes may have originated our errors.

That very night Dr. Edward Hardy took up his cross, none the less a cross because it showed to others as grotesque.

And this is the story which answers the standard Dinnent question, "Why did Dr. Hardy marry Miss Ray?"

But only the other day, when that was asked in the hearing of a stranger, that stranger answered, "Why?—because she's the pleasantest woman in the place, of course, and her three children are the nicest and handsomest in all Dinnent." Her deafness gradually lessened until it is nothing at all, or only something which gives her a winning way of waiting on one's words. One thing is very certain, that while other women have grown older, Lydia Hardy has grown younger. Some people say we are all young once, and perhaps, if we miss our youth at one end of our life we get it at the other. As for the doctor, when he married he certainly did grow very sober and staid, which was good for him professionally, as some people had hardly liked to trust him before. But after a while, perhaps when his responsibilities weighed less upon him—perhaps when he felt his reputation was quite established, he gradually returned to his own self and his own old merry ways. To look at him, one would say that bearing a cross was not unwholesome exercise. It is a very curious thing that when anything is said in their presence about proposals of marriage, Dr. and Mrs. Hardy have been seen to look at each other and to smile very significantly. How much can she know? Is it possible that he has told her all, because at last he can end the story by saying heartily, "And if it was to do again, wife, I hope you'd do the same"?

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### CHENEYS AND THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

"THE gardener and his wife," Mr. Tennyson tells us, "laugh at the claims of long descent." If it be so, the laugh is natural, for our first parents were *novi homines*, and could not appreciate what they did not possess. Nevertheless, in all nations which have achieved any kind of eminence, particular families have stood out conspicuously for generation after generation as representatives of political principles, as soldiers or statesmen, as ruling in their immediate neighborhoods with delegated authority, and receiving homage voluntarily offered. They have furnished the finer tissues in the corporate body of the national life, and have given to society its unity and coher-

ence. In times of war they have fallen freely on the battle-field. In times of discord and civil strife their most illustrious members have been the first to bleed on the scaffold. An English family, it has been said, takes rank according to the number of its members which have been hanged. With men, as with animals and plants, peculiar properties are propagated by breeding. Each child who has inherited a noble name feels a special call to do no dishonor to it by unworthy actions. The family falls in pieces when its characteristics disappear. But, be the cause what it may, there is no instance, ancient or modern, of any long protracted national existence where an order of aristocracy and gentry are not to be found preserving their identity, their influence, and their privileges of birth through century after century. They have no monopoly of genius. A gifted man rises out of the people, receiving his patent of nobility, as Burns said, "direct from Almighty God." He makes a name and a position for himself; but when the name is made, he hands it on, with distinction printed upon it, to his children and his children's children. More is expected from the sons of eminent parents than from other men, and if the transmitted quality is genuine more comes out of them. It is not talent. Talent is but partially hereditary, if at all. The virtue that runs in the blood is superiority of courage or character; and courage and character, far more than cleverness, are the conditions indispensable for national leaders. Thus without exception, in all great peoples, hereditary aristocracies have formed themselves, and when aristocracies have decayed or disappeared the State has degenerated along with them. The fall of a nobility may be a cause of degeneracy, or it may only be a symptom; but the phenomenon itself is a plain matter of fact, true hitherto under all forms of political constitution, monarchic, oligarchic, or republican. Republics have held together as long as they have been strung with patrician sinews; when the sinews crack the republic becomes a democracy, and the unity of the commonwealth is shivered into a heap of disconnected atoms, each following its own laws of gravitation towards its imagined interests. Athens and Rome, the Italian republics, the great kingdoms which rose out of the wreck of the Roman empire, tell the same story. The modern Spaniard reads the records of the old greatness of his country on the tombs of the Castilian nobles, and



in the ruins of their palaces. They and the glory of the Spanish race have departed together. The Alvas and the Olivarezes, the Da Leyvas and Mendozas may have deserved their fall, but when they fell, and no others had arisen in their places, the nation fell. Hitherto no nation has been able to sustain itself in a front place without an aristocracy of some kind maintained as the hereditary principle. So far the answer of history is uniform. The United States may inaugurate a new experience. With the one exception of the Adams's, the great men who have shown as yet in American history have left no representatives to stand at present in the front political ranks. There are no Washingtons, no Franklins, no Jeffersons, no Clays or Randolphs now governing states or leading debates in Congress. How long this will continue, how long the determination that all men shall start equal in the race of life will prevail against the instinctive tendencies of successful men to perpetuate their names is the most interesting of political problems. The American nationality is as yet too young for conclusions to be built on what it has done hitherto, or has forborne to do. We shall know better two centuries hence whether equality and the ballot-box provide better leaders for a people than the old methods of birth and training. France was cut in pieces in the revolution of 1793, and flung into the Medean caldron, expecting to emerge again with fresh vitality. The rash experiment has not succeeded up to this time, and here too we must wait for what her future will bring forth. So far the nations which have democratized themselves have been successful in producing indefinite quantities of money. If money and money-making will secure their stability, they may look forward hopefully — not otherwise.

We, too, have travelled far on the same road. We can continue to say "Thank God we have still a House of Lords," but it is a House of Lords which is allowed to stand with a conditional tenure. It must follow, it must not lead, the popular will. It has been preserved rather as an honored relic of a state of things which is passing away, than as representing any actual forces now existing. We should not dream of creating a hereditary branch of legislature if we had to begin over again; being there, we let it remain as long as it is harmless. Nevertheless, great families have still a hold upon the country, either from custom or from a

sense of their value. Seven-and-forty years are gone since the great democratic Reform Bill, yet the hereditary peers must still give their consent to every law which passes. Their sons and cousins form a majority in the House of Commons, and even philosophic Radicals doubt if the character of the House would be improved without men there whose position in society is secured, and who can therefore afford to be patriotic. How long a privileged order will hold its ground against the tendencies of the age depends upon itself and upon the objects which it places before itself. If those who are within the lines retain, on the whole, a superior tone to those outside, and if access to the patrician order is limited to men who have earned admission there by real merit, the Upper House will be left in spite of ballot and universal suffrage, or perhaps by means of them, for generations to come. But the outlook is not without its ugly features, and should anything happen to stir the passions of the people as they were stirred half a century ago, the English peerage would scarcely live through another storm.

Whatever future may be in store for them, the past at any rate is their own, and they are honorably proud of it. The Roman preserved in his palace the ashes of his titled ancestors, and exhibited their images in his saloons. The English noble hangs the armor which was worn at Flodden or at Crécy in his ancestral hall. He treasures up the trophies and relics of generations. The stately portraits of his sires look down upon him from the walls of his dining-room. When he dies his desire is like the prayer of the Hebrews, to be buried in the sepulchre of his fathers. There only is the fitting and peaceful close of a life honorably spent. There the first founder of the family and his descendants rest side by side, after time has ceased for each of them, to be remembered together by the curious who spell through their epitaphs, and to dissolve themselves into common dust. Occasionally, as a more emphatic memorial, the mausoleum becomes a mortuary chapel attached to some parish church or cathedral. The original purpose was of course that a priest, specially appointed, should say masses there immediately close to the spot where their remains were lying. The custom has outlived the purpose of it, and such chapels are to be met with in Protestant countries as often as in Catholic. The most interesting that I ever saw is that of the Mendozas in the cathe-



dral at Burgos. It is the more affecting because the Mendozas have ceased to exist. Nothing survives of them save their tombs, which, splendid as they are, and of the richest materials, are characteristically free from meretricious ornament. There lie the figures of the proudest race in the whole nobility of Spain; knight and lady, prelate and cardinal. The stories of the lives of most of them are gone beyond recovery, and yet in those stone features can be read character as pure and grand as ever did honor to humanity. If a single family could produce so magnificent a group, we cease to wonder how Spain was once the sovereign of Europe, and the Spanish court the home of courtesy and chivalry.

Next in interest to the monuments of the Mendozas, and second to them only because the Mendozas themselves are gone, are the tombs of the house of Russell in the chapel at Cheneys, in Bedfordshire. The claims of the Russells to honorable memory the loudest Radical will acknowledge. For three centuries and a half they have led the way in what is called progress. They rose with the Reformation. They furnished a martyr for the Revolution of 1688. The Reform Bill is connected forever with the name of Lord John. To know the biographies of the dead Russells is to know English history for twelve generations; and if the progress with which we are so delighted leads us safely into the Promised Land, as we are bound to believe that it will, Cheneys ought to become hereafter a place of pious pilgrimage.

The village stands on a chalk hill rising from the little River Ches, four miles from Rickmansworth, on the road to Amersham. The estate belongs to the Duke of Bedford, and it is pervaded by an aspect of serene good manners, as if it was always Sunday. No vulgar noises disturb the general quiet. Cricket may be played there, and bowls and such games as propriety allows—but the oldest inhabitant can never have heard an oath spoken aloud, or seen a drunken man. Dirt and poverty are equally unknown. The houses, large and small, are solid and substantial, built of red brick, with high chimneys and pointed gables, and well trimmed gardens before the doors. A Gothic fountain stands in the middle of the village green, under a cluster of tall elms, where picturesque, neatly-dressed girls go for the purest water. Beyond the green a road runs, on one side of which stands the church and the par-

sonage, on the other the remains of the once spacious manor house, which was built by the first Earl of Bedford on the site of an old castle of the Plantagenet kings. One wing of the manor house only survives, but so well constructed, and of material so admirable, that it looks as if it had been completed yesterday. In a field under the window is an oak which tradition says was planted by Queen Bess. More probably it is as old as the Conquest. The entire spot, church, mansion, cottages, and people form a piece of ancient England artificially preserved from the intrusion of modern ways. No land is let on building lease in Cheneys to be disfigured by contractors' villas. No flaring shops, which such villas bring behind them, make the street hideous. A single miscellaneous store supplies the simple wants of the few inhabitants—the bars of soap, the bunches of dip candles, the tobacco in ounce packets, the tea, coffee, and sugar, the balls of twine, the strips of calico. Even the bull's-eyes and gingerbread for the children are not unpermitted, so that they are honestly made and warranted not to be poisonous. So light is the business that the tidy woman who presides at the counter combines with it the duties of the post-office, which again are of the simplest kind. All is old-fashioned, grave, and respectable. No signs are to be found of competition, of the march of intellect, of emancipation, of the divine right of each man and woman to do what is good in their own eyes—of the blessed liberty which the house of Russell has been so busy in setting forward. The inhabitants of Cheneys live under authority. The voice of the Russells has been the voice of the emancipator—the hand has been the hand of the ruling noble.

The manor house contains nothing of much interest. In itself, though a fragment, it is a fine specimen of the mason work of the Tudor times, and if not pulled down will be standing strong as ever when the new London squares are turned to dust heaps. With its high pitched roofs and clusters of curiously twisted chimneys it has served as a model for the architecture of the village, the smallest cottages looking as if they had grown from seeds, which had been dropped by the central mansion.

All this is pretty enough, but the attraction of the place to a stranger is the church and what it contains. I had visited it before more than once, but I wished to inspect the monuments more closely.

I ran down from London one evening in June to the village inn, and in the morning, soon after sunrise, when I was in less danger of having the officious assistance thrust upon me of clerk or sexton, I sauntered over to see if I could enter. The keys were kept at an adjoining cottage. The busy matron was already up, preparing her husband's early breakfast. When I told her that I had special permission she unlocked the church door and left me to myself. Within, as without, all was order. No churchwardens, it was plain enough, had ever been allowed to work their will at Cheneys. Nay, the unchallenged loyalty to constitutional liberty must have saved the church from the visits of the commissioners of the Long Parliament. In the walls are old Catholic brasses, one representing a parish priest of the place of the date of 1512, and a scroll praying for mercy on his soul. Strange to think that this man had said mass in the very place where I was standing, and that the memory of him had been preserved by the Russells, till the wheel had come round again, and a Catholic hierarchy had been again established in England with its cardinals and archbishops and bishops. Will mass be ever said in Cheneys again?—not the sham mass of the Ritualists, but the real thing? Who that looks on England now can say that it will not? And four miles off is Amersham, where John Knox used to preach, and Queen Mary's inquisitors gathered their batches of heretics for Smithfield. On the pavement against the wall lies a stone figure of an old knight, finished only from the waist upwards. The knight is in his armor, his wife rests at his side; the hands of both of them reverently folded. Opening from the church on the north side, but private and not used for service, is the Russell chapel. Below is the vault where the remains lie of most of the family who have borne the name for three centuries and a half.

On a stone tablet over the east window are the words, "This Chapel is built by Anne, Countess of Bedford, wife to John, Earl of Bedford, A.D. 1556." It was the year in which Queen Mary was most busy offering her sacrifices to persuade Providence to grant her an heir. The chapel, therefore, by a curious irony, must have been consecrated with Catholic ceremonies.

The earliest monument is the tomb of this Lady Anne and her husband, and is one of the finest of its kind in Europe. The material is alabaster; the pink veins

in the stone being abundant enough to give a purple tint to the whole construction. The workmanship is extremely elaborate, and belongs to a time when the temper of men was still manly and stern, and when the mediæval reverence for death was still unspoiled by insincerity and affectation. The hands are folded in the old manner. The figures are not represented as sleeping, but as in a trance, with the eyes wide open. The faces are evidently careful likenesses. The earl had lost an eye in action—the lid droops over the socket as in life. His head rests on his corselet, his sword is at his side. He wears a light coronet and his beard falls low on his breast. The features do not denote a man of genius, but a loyal and worthy servant of the State, cautious, prudent, and thoughtful. The lady's face is more remarkable, and it would seem from the pains which have been taken with it that the artist must have personally known and admired her, while the earl he may have known only by his portrait. The forehead of the Lady Anne is strong and broad, the nose large, the lips full but severely and expressively closed. She looks upwards as she lies, with awe, but with a bold heart, stern as a Roman matron. The head is on a cushion, but the earl's baldric would have formed as suitable a pillow for a figure so commanding and so powerful. It is a pity that we know so little of this lady. She was the daughter of Sir Guy Sapcote, of Huntingdonshire. Her mother was a Cheney, and through her the Cheneys estate fell to its present owners. She had been twice married and twice a widow when her hand was sought by Sir John Russell. At that time she was in the household of Catherine of Arragon; but she had no liking for the cause which Catherine represented, or Catherine's daughter either. She died while Mary was still on the throne, but in her will she gave a significant proof that she at least had not bowed the knee when Baal was brought in again. She bequeathed her soul to Almighty God, "trusting only by the death and passion of his dear Son, Jesus Christ, to be saved." This is all that can be said of "the mighty mother" of the Russells to whose side they are gathered as they fall; but if the stern portrait speaks truth, her sons have inherited gifts from her more precious by far than the broad lands in Bedford and Huntingdon.

The Russells, or Rozels, are on the Battle Roll as having come from Normandy with the Conqueror. They played

their part under the Plantagenets, not without distinction, and towards the end of the fifteenth century were a substantial family settled at Barwick, in Dorsetshire. In the year 1506, John, son and heir of the reigning head of the house, had returned from a tour on the Continent, bringing back with him accomplishments rare at all times with young proud Englishmen, and at that day unheard of save among the officially-trained clergy. Besides his other acquisitions he could speak French, and probably German. It happened that in that winter the archduke Philip, with his mad wife Joanna, sister of Catherine of Arragon, was on his way from the Low Countries to Spain. As he was going down Channel he was driven by a gale into Weymouth, and having been extremely sea-sick, he landed to recover himself. Foreign princes are a critical species of guest. The relations of Henry VII. with Joanna's father, Ferdinand, were just then on a doubtful footing. Prince Arthur was dead. Catherine was not yet married to his brother Henry, nor was it at all certain that she was to marry him; and when so great a person as the archduke, and so nearly connected with Ferdinand, had come into England uninvited, the authorities in Dorsetshire feared to let him proceed on his voyage till their master's pleasure was known. A courier was despatched to London, and meanwhile Sir Thomas Trenchard, the most important gentleman in the neighborhood, invited the whole party to stay with him at Wolverton Hall. Trenchard was Russell's cousin. His own linguistic capabilities were limited, and he sent for his young kinsman to assist in the royal visitors' entertainment. Russell came, and made himself extremely useful. Henry VII. having pressed the archduke to come to him at Windsor, the archduke carried his new friend along with him, and spoke so warmly of his talents and character to the king that he was taken at once into the household. So commenced the new birth of the Russell house. Most men have chances opened to them at one time or another. Young Russell was one of the few who knew how to grasp opportunity by the forelock. He was found apt for any kind of service, either with pen or sword, brain or hand. He went with Henry VIII. to his first campaign in France. He was at the siege of Therouenne, and at the battle of the Spurs. For an interval he was employed in political negotiation. Then we find him one

of sixteen English knights who held the lists against all comers at Paris on the marriage of Louis XII. with the Princess Mary. In the war of 1522 he lost his eye at the storming of Morlaix, and was knighted for his gallantry there. Immediately afterwards he was employed by Henry and Wolsey on an intricate and dangerous service. Louis XII. was dead. The friendship between England and France was broken, and Henry and his nephew the emperor Charles V. were leagued together against the young Francis. Charles was aiming at the conquest of Italy. Henry had his eye on the French crown, which he dreamed of recovering for himself. Francis had affronted his powerful kinsman and subject, the Duke of Bourbon. Bourbon had intimated that if England would provide him with money to raise an army he would recognize Henry as his liege lord, and John Russell was the person sent to ascertain whether Bourbon might be trusted to keep his word. Russell it seems was satisfied. The money was provided and was committed to Russell's care, and the great powers of Europe made their first plunge into the convulsions which were to last for more than a century. Little did Henry and Charles know what they were doing, or how often they would change partners before the game was over. Bourbon invaded Provence, Sir John Russell attending upon him with the English treasure. The war rolled across the Alps, and Russell saw the great battle fought at Pavia, where France lost all save honor, and the French king was the prisoner of the emperor.

Then, if ever, was the time for Henry's dream to have been accomplished, but it became too clear that the throne of France was not at Bourbon's disposition; and that even if he had been willing and able to keep his word the emperor had no intention of allowing him to keep it. Henry and Wolsey had both been foiled in the object nearest to their hearts, for Henry could not take the place of Francis, and Wolsey, who had meant to be pope, saw the Cardinal de Medici chosen instead of him. So followed a shift of policy. Charles V. was now the danger to the rest of Europe. Henry joined himself with France against his late ally. Francis was to be liberated from his Spanish prison, and was to marry Henry's daughter. Catherine of Arragon was to be divorced, and Henry was to marry a French princess, or some one else in the French interest. The adroit Russell in

Italy was to bring Milan, Venice, and the Papacy into the new confederacy. An ordinary politician looking then at the position of the pieces on the European chess-board, would have said that Charles, in spite of himself, would have been compelled to combine with the German princes, and to take up the cause of the Reformation. The pope was at war with him. Clement, Henry, and Francis were heartily friends. Henry had broken a lance with Luther. Bourbon's army, which had conquered at Pavia, was recruited with Lanz-Knechts, either Lutherans or godless ruffians. Bourbon's army was now Charles's; and food being scanty and pay not forthcoming, the duke was driven, like another Alaric, to fling himself upon Rome, and storm and plunder the imperial city. It is curious and touching to find Clement clinging in such a hurricane to England and Henry as his surest supports. Russell had been staying with him at the Vatican on the eve of the catastrophe. He had gone home before the Germans approached, and missed being present at the most extraordinary scene in the drama of the sixteenth century, when the holy father, from the battlements of St. Angelo, saw his city sacked, his churches pillaged, his sacred sisterhoods outraged, his cardinals led in mockery on asses' backs through the streets by wild bands, acting under the order, or in the name, of the most Catholic king.

An attitude so extravagant could not endure. A little while, and the laws of spiritual attraction had forced the various parties into more appropriate relations. The divorce of Catherine went forward. The pope fell back on Catherine's imperial nephew; England broke with the holy see, and the impulses which were to remodel the modern world flowed into their natural channels. Russell's friend, Thomas Cromwell, became Henry's chief minister; and Russell himself, though the scheme which he had been employed to forward had burst like a bubble, still rose in his sovereign's confidence. He was at Calais with Henry in 1532 when Anne Boleyn was publicly received by Francis. He was active in the suppression of the monasteries, and presided at the execution of the Abbot of Glastonbury. Again, when Anne Boleyn fell into disgrace, Russell, who was now privy seal, was appointed with her uncle the Duke of Norfolk to examine into the charges against her. Through all the changes of Henry's later years, when the scaffold became so

near a neighbor of the royal closet, Russell remained always esteemed and trusted. At the birth of the young Edward he was made a peer, as Baron Russell of Cheneys. The year after he received the garter. As warden of the stannaries he obtained the lands and mines of the suppressed abbey of Tavistock. When his old master died he was carried on with the rising tide of the Reformation. He took Miles Coverdale for his chaplain, and obtained the Bishopric of Exeter for him. At his house in the Strand was held the conference on the eucharist, when the strangest of all human superstitions was banished for a time from the English liturgy. Lord Russell's vigorous hand suppressed the Catholic rebellion in Devonshire. The Earldom of Bedford came next. His estates grew with his rank. Woburn Abbey fell to him on easy terms, for the lords of the Council were first in the field, and had the pick of the spoil. Faction never tempted him out of the even road. He kept aloof from the quarrels of the Seymours and the Dudleys. When Somerset was attainted, the choicest morsel of Somerset's forfeited estates — Covent Garden and "the seven acres" — was granted to the Earl of Bedford. Edward's death was a critical moment. Bedford, like the rest of his Council, signed the instrument for the succession of Lady Jane Grey. Like the rest, he changed his mind when he saw Lady Jane repudiated by the country. The blame of the conspiracy was thrown on the extreme Protestant faction. The moderate Liberals declared for Mary, and by retaining their places and their influence in the Council set limits to the reaction, and secured the next succession to Mary's sister. Mary's government became Catholic, but Bedford continued privy seal. A rebellion broke out in Devonshire; this time a Protestant one. Bedford was the person who put it down. His last public act was to go with Lord Paget to Spain to bring a Spanish husband home for his queen. He sailed with Philip from Corunna. He was at the memorable landing at Southampton, and he gave away his mistress at the marriage at Winchester. A few months later he died, after fifty years of service in the most eventful period of modern English history. His services were splendidly rewarded, and he has been reproached in consequence as a trimmer and a time-server. But revolutions are only successful when they advance on a line lying between two extremes, and resulting from their com-

pound action. To be a trimmer at such a time is to have discerned the true direction in which events are moving, and to be a wise man in whom good sense is stronger than enthusiasm. John Russell's lot was cast in an era of convulsion, when Europe was split into hostile camps, when religion was a shuttlecock of faction, Catholics and Protestants, as they were alternately uppermost, sending their antagonists to stake or scaffold. Russell represented the true feeling of the majority of Englishmen. They were ready to move with the age, to shake off the old tyranny of the Church, to put an end to monastic idleness, and to repudiate the authority of the pope. But they had no inclination to substitute dogmatic Protestantism for dogmatic Catholicism. They felt instinctively that theologians knew but little after all of the subject for which they were so eager to persecute each other, and that the world had other interests besides those which were technically called religious; and on one point through all that trying time they were specially determined, that they would have no second war in England of rival roses, no more fields of Towton or Barnet. They would work out their reformation, since a reformation there was to be, within the law and by the forms of it, and if enthusiasts chose to break into rebellion, or even passively to refuse obedience to the law like More or Fisher, they might be admired for their generous spirit, but they were struck down without hesitation or mercy. Who shall say that the resolution was not a wise one, or that men who acted upon it are proper objects of historical invective?

The mission to Spain rounds off John Russell's story. It commenced with his introduction to Philip's grandfather. It ended with Philip's marriage to the English queen. Throughout his life his political sympathies were rather imperial than French, as English feeling generally was. He was gone before the Marian persecution assumed its darker character; and until the stake became so busy, a wise, liberal statesman might reasonably have looked on Mary's marriage with her cousin as promising peace for the country, and as a happy ending of an old quarrel.

Lady Anne lived to complete the Cheneys chapel; she died two years after her husband, and the Russells were then threatened with a change of fortune. The next earl, Francis—Francis "with the big head"—was born in 1528. His monument stands next that of his father

and mother, and is altogether inferior to it. The two figures, the earl himself and the Countess Margaret, are of alabaster like the first, and though wanting in dignity, are not in themselves wholly offensive; but according to the vile taste of the seventeenth century, they are tawdrily colored in white, and red, and gold, and are lowered from the worthiness of sculpture to the level of a hairdresser's model or of the painted Highlander at the door of a tobacco shop. Piety in England had by this time passed over to the Puritans, and art, divorced from its proper inspiration, represented human beings as no better than wearers of state clothes. The earl "with the big head" deserves a more honorable portrait of himself, or deserves, at least, that the paint should be washed off. He was brought forward early in public life. He was sheriff of Bedfordshire when he was nineteen. He sat in the Parliament of 1553, when the prayer-book was purged of idolatry. In religion, taught perhaps by his mother, he was distinctly Protestant, and when his father died he was laid hold of as suspect by Gardiner. He escaped and joined the English exiles at Geneva. At the accession of Elizabeth he was called home, restored to his estates, and placed on the Privy Council, and when it pleased Mary Stuart, then queen of France, to assume the royal arms of England, and declare herself the rightful owner of the English crown, the Earl of Bedford was sent to Paris to require that ambitious lady to limit those dangerous pretensions and to acknowledge Elizabeth.

Here it was that Bedford began his acquaintance with Mary Stuart; an acquaintance which was to be renewed under more agitating conditions. At Geneva, he had been intimate with the leading reformers, Scotch as well as English. When Mary began her intrigues with the Catholic party in England, Bedford was sent to Berwick as governor, where he could keep a watch over her doings, and be in constant communication with Knox and Murray. He received and protected Murray at the time of the Darnley marriage. Ruthven fled to him after the murder of Rizzio; and from Ruthven's lips Bedford wrote down the remarkable despatch, describing the details of the scene in that suite of rooms at Holyrood which has passed into our historical literature.

The queen of Scots was regarded at this time by the great body of the English



people, as Elizabeth's indisputable heir. Catholic though she might be, her hereditary right was respected as Mary Tudor's had been, and had Elizabeth died while Darnley was alive, she would have succeeded as easily as James succeeded afterwards. When James was born he was greeted on his arrival in this world as a prince of the blood royal, and Bedford was sent to Stirling to the christening with fine presents and compliments from his mistress. The shadow of the approaching tragedy hung over the ceremony. Bedford was conducted to the nursery to see the child in his cradle. Among the gifts which he had brought was a font of gold, which held the water in which James was made a Christian. Mary in return hung a chain of diamonds on Bedford's neck; never missing an opportunity of conciliating an English noble. But the English ambassador was startled to observe that the queen's husband seemed of less consideration in her court than the meanest footboy. The queen herself scarce spoke to him; the courtiers passed him by with disdain. Bedford set it down to the murder of Rizzio, which he supposed to be still unforgiven, and he gave Mary a kindly hint that the poor wretch had friends in England whom in prudence she would do well to remember. Two months after came Kirk o' Field, and then the Bothwell marriage, Carberry Hill, Lochleven, Langside, the flight to England, the seventeen years in which the caged eagle beat her wings against her prison bars, and, finally, the closing scene in the hall at Fotheringay.

As his father had supported the rights of Mary Tudor, so the second earl would have upheld the rights of Mary Stuart till she had lost the respect of the country. But after Darnley's death the general sense of England pronounced her succession to be impossible. Bedford stood loyally by his own mistress in the dangers to which she was exposed from the rage of the disappointed Catholics. He was not one of the lords of the Council who were chosen to examine the celebrated casket letters, for he was absent at Berwick, but he sate on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk, and he joined in sending him to the scaffold. He died in 1585, two years before Mary Stuart's career was ended, but not before it was foreseen what that end must be. One other claim must not be forgotten which the second earl possesses upon the memory of Englishmen. The famous Drake was born

upon his estate at Tavistock. The earl knew and respected his parents, and was godfather to their child, who derived from him the name of Francis. It was strange to feel that the actual remains of the man who had played a part in these great scenes were lying beneath the stones half a dozen yards from me. He sleeps sound, and the jangle of human discords troubles him no more.

He had two sons, neither of whom is in the vaults at Cheneys. Francis, the eldest, was killed while his father was alive, in a skirmish on the Scotch border. William fought at Zutphen by the side of Philip Sidney. For five years he was viceroy of Ireland, which he ruled at least with better success than Essex, who came after him. This William was made Lord Russell of Thornhaugh, and brought a second peerage into the family. Their sister Anne was married to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the brother of Elizabeth's Leicester.

The third earl, Edward, was the son of Francis, who was killed in the north, and succeeded his grandfather when a boy of eleven. In him the family genius slept. He lived undistinguished and harmless, and died in 1627, having left unfulfilled even the simple duty of begetting an heir. He was followed by his cousin Francis, son of his uncle, Lord Thornhaugh, and the divided houses again became one.

This Francis was called the wise earl. He was a true Russell, zealous for the Constitution and the constitutional liberties of England. He had been bred a lawyer, and understood all the arts of Parliamentary warfare. At the side of Eliot, and Pym, and Selden, he fought for the Petition of Right, and carried it by his own energy through the House of Lords. Naturally he made himself an object of animosity to the court, and he was sent to the Tower as a reward of his courage. They could not keep him as they kept Eliot, to die there. He was released, but the battle had to be waged with weapons which a Russell was not disposed to use. When he was released he withdrew from politics, leaving the storm to break on other heads, and he set himself to improve his property and drain the marshes about Whittlesea and Thorney. If solid work well done, if the addition of hundreds of thousands of acres to the soil available for the support of English life be a title to honorable remembrance, this earl ranks not the lowest in the Cheneys pantheon. He and his countess lie in the vault, with several of

their children who died in childhood; they are commemorated in a monument not ungraceful in itself, were not it too daubed with paint and vulgarized by gilding; one of the little ones is a baby, a bambino swaddled round with wrappings which had probably helped to choke the infant life out of it.

The wise earl died immediately after the opening of the Long Parliament. William Russell, his eldest son, had been returned to the House of Commons along with Pym as member for Tavistock. The Bedford interest doubtless gave Pym his seat there. His father's death removed him from the stormy atmosphere of the Lower House, and he was unequal to the responsibilities which his new position threw upon him. Civil war was not a theatre on which any Russell was likely to distinguish himself, and Earl William less than any of them. The old landmarks were submerged under the deluge. He was washed from side to side, fighting alternately in the field for king and Parliament. He signed the Covenant in 1645, but he found Woburn a pleasanter place than the council chamber, and thenceforward, till Cromwell's death, he looked on and took no part in public life. Charles twice visited him; once on his way back to Oxford after his failure at Chester, and again in 1647, when he was in the hands of the army, then quartered between Bedford and St. Albans. It was at the time of the army manifesto, when the poor king imagined that he could play off Cromwell against the Parliament, and in fact was playing away his own life. After the negotiations were broken off, Charles went from Woburn to Latimers, a place close to Cheneys, from the windows of which, in the hot August days, he must have looked down on the Cheneys valley and seen the same meadows that now stretch along the bottom, and the same hanging beech woods, and the same river sparkling among its flags and rushes, and the cattle standing in the shallows. The world plunges on upon its way; generation follows generation, playing its part, and then ending. The quiet earth bears with them one after the other, and while all else changes, itself is changed so little.

This earl was memorable rather from what befell him than from anything which he did. He was the first duke, and he was the father of Lord William, whom English constitutional history has selected to honor as its chief saint and martyr. The Russells were not a family which was likely to furnish martyrs.

They wanted neither courage, nor generally decision of character, but they were cool and prudent; never changing their colors, but never rushing on forlorn hopes, or throwing their lives away on ill-considered enterprises.

Lord William had perhaps inherited some exceptional quality in his blood. His mother was the beautiful Anne Carr, daughter of Carr, Earl of Somerset, the favorite of James I., and of Frances Howard, the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex, the hero and heroine of the great oyez of poisoning, with its black surroundings of witchcraft and devilry. The old Earl Francis had sate upon their trial. He had been horrified when his son had proposed to marry the child of so ominous a pair. But Lady Anne was not touched by the crimes of her parents. Her loveliness shone perhaps the more attractively against so dark a background. Her character must have been singularly innocent, for she grew up in entire ignorance that her mother had been tried for murder. The family opposition was reluctantly withdrawn, and young Russell married her.

This pair, Earl William—afterwards duke—and the Lady Anne Carr, are the chief figures in the most ostentatious monument in the Russell chapel. They are seated opposite each other in an attitude of violent grief, their bodies flung back, their heads buried in their hands in the anguish of petrified despair. They had many children, medallions of whom are ranged on either side in perpendicular rows. In the centre is the eldest—the occasion of the sorrow so conspicuously exhibited—whose head fell in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The execution of this medallion is extremely good; the likeness—if we may judge from the extant portraits of Lord William—is very remarkable. The expression is lofty and distinguished, more nearly resembling that of the first countess than that of any of her other descendants; but there is a want of breadth, and the features are depressed and gloomy. It is a noble face, yet a face which tells of aspirations and convictions unaccompanied with the force which could carry them out into successful action. It stands with a sentence of doom upon it, the central object in a group of sculpture which, as a whole, is affected and hysterical. A man so sincere and so honorable deserves a simpler memorial, but it is not uncharacteristic of the pretentiousness and unreality which have been the drapery of the modern Whigs—their princi-

ples good and true in themselves, but made ridiculous by the extravagance of self-laudation.

Lord William's wife is a beautiful figure in the story, and she lies by his side in the Cheneys vault. She was Rachel Wriothesley, daughter of Lord Southampton; her mother being a De Rouvigny, one of the great Huguenot families in France. The tragedy of Lord William scarcely needs repeating. The Restoration was an experiment, to try whether the liberties of England were compatible with the maintenance of a dynasty which was Catholic at heart, and was forever leaning as far as the times would permit to an avowal of Catholic belief. Charles II. had been obliged to hide his real creed, and pretend to Protestantism as a condition of his return. But the Catholic party grew daily stronger. Charles had no son, and the Duke of York was not Catholic only, but fanatically Catholic. Lord William led the opposition in Parliament. He shared to the bottom of his heart in the old English dread and hatred of Popery. He impeached Buckingham and Arlington. He believed to the last in the reality of the Popish plot, and he accepted Oates and Dangerfield as credible witnesses. He carried a bill prohibiting Papists from sitting in Parliament. If Papists could not sit in Parliament, still less ought they to be on the throne, and the House of Commons, under his influence, passed the Exclusion Bill, cutting off the Duke of York. Russell carried it with his own hands to the House of Lords, and session after session, dissolution after dissolution, he tried to force the Lords to agree to it. No wonder that the Duke of York hated him, and would not spare him when he caught him tripping. When constitutional opposition failed, a true Russell would have been content to wait. Lord William drifted into something which, if not treason, was curiously like it, and under the shadow of his example a plot was formed by ruder spirits to save the nation by killing both the duke and the king. Lord William was not privy to the Rye House affair, but he admitted that he had taken part in a consultation for putting the country in a condition to defend its liberties by force, and the enemy against whom the country was to be on its guard was the heir to the crown.

Martyrs may be among the best of men, but they are not commonly the wisest. To them their particular theories or opinions contain everything which makes life of importance, and no formula ever con-

ceived by man is of such universally comprehensive character that it must be acted upon at all hazards and regardless of time and opportunity. The enthusiast imagines that he alone has the courage of his convictions; but there is a faith, and perhaps a deeper faith, which can stand still and wait till the fruit is ripe, when it can be gathered without violence. Each has its allotted part. The noble, generous spirit sacrifices itself and serves the cause by suffering. The indignation of the country at the execution of Sidney and Russell alienated England finally and fatally from the house of Stuart. Lord William and his friend were canonized as the saints of the Revolution, but the harvest itself was gathered by statesmen of more common clay, yet perhaps better fitted for the working business of life.

Lord William's trial was attended with every feature which could concentrate the nation's attention to it. The Duke of York was the actual and scarcely concealed prosecutor. Lady Rachel appeared in court as her husband's secretary. It is idle to say that he was unjustly convicted. He was privy to a scheme for armed resistance to the government, and a government which was afraid to punish him ought to have abdicated. Charles Stuart had been brought back by the deliberate will of the people. As long as he was on the throne he was entitled to defend both himself and his authority. Lord Russell was not like Hampden, resisting an unconstitutional breach of the law. He was taking precautions against a danger which he anticipated but which had not yet arisen. A government may be hateful, and we may admire the courage which takes arms against it; but the government, while it exists, is not to be blamed for protecting itself with those weapons which the law places in its hands.

He died beautifully. Every effort was made to save him. His father pleaded his own exertions in bringing about the Restoration. But the Duke of York was inexorable, and Lord William was executed. The earl was consoled after the Revolution with a dukedom. His mother, Lady Anne, did not live to recover from the shock of her son's death. In the midst of her wretchedness she found accidentally in a room in Woburn a pamphlet with an account of the Overbury murder. For the first time she learned the dreadful story. She was found senseless, with her hand upon the open page, and she never rallied from the blow.

Lady Rachel lived far into the following century, and was a venerable old lady before she rejoined her husband. Once at least while alive Lady Rachel visited Cheneys Chapel. Her foot had stood on the same stones where mine were standing; her eyes had rested on the same sculptured figures.

"I have accomplished it," she wrote, "and am none the worse for having satisfied my longing mind, and that is a little ease — such degree of it as I must look for. I had some business there, for that to me precious and delicious friend desired I would make a little monument for us, and I had never seen the place. I had set a day to see it with him not three months before he was carried thither, but was prevented by the boy's illness."

"She would make a little monument." And out of that modest hope of hers has grown the monstrous outrage upon taste and simplicity, which we may piously hope was neither designed nor approved by the admirable Lady Rachel.

Lord William had pressed his devotion to the cause of liberty beyond the law; another Russell had been accused of treason to the sacred traditions of the family. Edward, the youngest brother of Earl Francis, the first duke, who lies with the rest at Cheneys, had a son, who was one of the few Russells that was famous in arms — the admiral who won the battle of La Hogue, saved England from invasion, and was rewarded with the Earldom of Orford. Admiral Russell, like Marlborough, notwithstanding his brilliant services, was beyond doubt in correspondence with the court of St. Germain, and equally beyond doubt held out hopes to the banished king of deserting William and carrying the fleet along with him. The real history of these mysterious transactions is unknown, and perhaps, never will be known. William was personally unpopular. His manner was ungracious. He was guilty of the unpardonable sin of being a foreigner, which Englishmen could never forget. A restoration like that of Charles II. seemed at one time, at least, one of the chances which were on the cards — and cautious politicians may not have felt that they were committing any serious violation of trust in learning directly from James the securities for rational liberty which he was ready to concede. The negotiation ended, however, in nothing — and it is equally likely that it was intended to end in nothing. James's own opinion was that "Admiral Russell did but delude the king with the

Prince of Orange's permission." It is needless to speculate on the motives of conduct, which, if we knew them, we should be unable to enter into. To the student who looks back over the past, the element of uncertainty is eliminated. When the future, which to the living man is contingent and dim, obscuring his very duties to him, has become a realized fact, no effort of imagination will enable the subsequent enquirer to place himself in a position where the fact was but floating possibility. The services both of Churchill and Russell might be held great enough to save them from the censures of critics, who, in their armchairs at a distance of two centuries, moralize on the meannesses of great men.

The admiral, at any rate, is not among his kindred in the Cheneys vault. He was buried at his own home, and his peerage and his lineage are extinct.

The dukedom has made no difference in the attitude of the Bedford family. A more Olympian dignity has surrounded the chiefs of the house, but they have continued, without exception, staunch friends of liberty; advocates of the things called reform and progress, which have taken the place of the old Protestant cause; and the younger sons have fought gallantly like their forefathers in the front ranks of the battle. We may let the dukes glide by wearing the honors which democracy allows to stand, because they are gradually ceasing to have any particular meaning. We pass on to the last Russell for whom the vault at Cheneys has unlocked "its marble jaws;" the old statesman who filled so large a place for half a century in English public life, whose whole existence from the time when he passed out of childhood was spent in sharp political conflict, under the eyes of the keenest party criticisms, and carried his reputation off the stage at last, unspotted by a single act which his biographers are called on to palliate.

To the Tories, in the days of the Reform Bill, Lord John Russell was the tribune of an approaching violent revolution. To the Radicals he was the Moses who was leading the English nation into the promised land. The alarm and the hope were alike imaginary. The wave has gone by, the crown and peerage and Church and primogeniture stand where they were, and the promised land, alas! is a land not running with corn and wine, but running only with rivers of gold, at which those who drink are not refreshed. To the enthusiasts of progress the Re-

form Bill of 1831 was to be a fountain of life, in which society was to renew its youth like the eagle. High-born ignorance was to disappear from the great places of the nation; we were to be ruled only by nature's aristocracy of genius and virtue. The inequalities of fortune were to be readjusted by a truer scale, and merit, and merit only, was to be the road to employment and distinction. We need not quarrel with a well-meant measure because foolish hopes were built upon it. But experienced men say that no one useful thing has been done by the reformed Parliament which the old Parliament would have refused to do; and for the rest, it begins to be suspected that the reform of which we have heard so much is not the substitution of a wise and just government for a government which was not wise and just, but the abolishment of government altogether, and the leaving each individual man to follow what he calls his interest — a process under which the English people are becoming a congregation of contending atoms, scrambling every one of them to snatch a larger portion of good things than its fellow.

It is idle to quarrel with the inevitable. Each generation has its work to do. Old England could continue no longer; and the problem for the statesman of the first half of this century was to make the process of transformation a quiet and not a violent one. The business of Lord John Russell was to save us from a second edition of the French Revolution; and if he thought that something higher or better would come of it than we have seen, or are likely to see, it is well that men are able to indulge in such pleasant illusions to make the road the lighter for them. The storms of his early life had long passed away before the end came. He remained the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons during the many years in which the administration was in the Liberal hands, and he played his part with a prudence and good sense, of which we have been more conscious, perhaps, since the late absence of these qualities. Lord John Russell (or Earl Russell as he became) never played with his country's interests for the advantage of his party. Calumny never whispered a suspicion either of his honor or his patriotism, and Tory and Radical alike followed him when he retired with affectionate respect. In Cheneys church there is no monument of him. His statue will stand appropriately in the lobby of the House, where he fought and won his

many battles. It may be said of him, as was said of Peel, that we did not realize his worth till he was taken from us. In spite of progress, we have not produced another man who can make us forget his loss.

Here, too, beneath the stones, lies another pair, of whom the world spoke much, and knew but little — Earl Russell's young son, who died prematurely before his father, and that son's still younger wife. Lord Amberley also was a true Russell, full of talent, following truth and right wherever they seemed to lead him; and had life been allowed him he too would have left his mark on his generation. He was carried away, it was said, into extreme opinions. It is no unpardonable crime. His father, too, in his young days, had admired Napoleon and the French Revolution; had admired many things of which in age he formed a juster estimate. We do not augur well of the two-year-old colt, whose paces are as sedate as those of an established roadster, who never rears when he is mounted, or flings out his heels in the overflow of heart and spirit. Our age has travelled fast and far in new ways, tossing off traditions old as the world as if they were no better than worn-out rags. And the ardent and hopeful Amberley galloped far in front in pursuit of what he called liberty, not knowing that it was a false phantom which he was following; not freedom at all, — but anarchy. The wise world held up its hands in horror; as if any man was ever good for anything whose enthusiasm in his youth has not outrun his understanding. Amberley, too, would have learned his lesson had time been granted him. He would have learned it in the best of schools — by his own experience. Happy those who have died young if they have left a name as little spotted as his with grosser faults and follies.

She, too, his companion, went along with him in his philosophy of progress, each most extravagant opinion tempting her to play with it. True and simple in herself, she had been bred in disdain of unreality. Transparent as air, pure as the fountain which bubbles up from below a glacier, she was encouraged by her very innocence in speculations against which a nature more earthly would have been on its guard. She so hated insincerity that in mere wantonness she trampled on affectation and conventionality, and she would take up and advocate theories which, if put in practice, would



make society impossible, while she was as little touched by them herself as the seagull's wings are wetted when it plunges into the waves.

The singular ways of the two Amberleys were the world's wonder for a season or two. The world might as well have let them alone. The actual arrangements of things are so far from excellent that young ardent minds become radical by instinct when they first become acquainted with the world as it actually is. Radicalism is tamed into reasonable limits when it has battered itself for a few years against the stubborn bars of fact, and the conversion is the easier when the Radical is the heir of an earldom. The Amberleys, who went further than Lord Russell had ever done in the pursuit of imaginary Utopias, might have recoiled further when they learned that they were hunting after a dream. Peace be with them. They may dream on now, where the world's idle tattle can touch them no more.

The ghostly pageant of the Russells has vanished. The silent hours of the summer morning are past, and the sounds outside tell that the hamlet is awake and at its work. The quiet matron must resume the charge of the church keys, that intruders may not stray into the sanctuary unpermitted. In Catholic countries the church doors stand open; the peasant pauses on his way to the fields for a moment of meditation or a few words of prayer. The kneeling figures, on a week-day morning, are more impressive than Sunday rituals or preacher's homily. It was so once here in Cheneys, in the time of the poor priest whose figure is still on the wall. Was the Reformation, too, the chase of a phantom? The freedom of the church at all events is no longer permitted here in Protestant England. I too must go upon my way back to the village inn, where, for such things have to be remembered—breakfast and a young companion are waiting for me. It is worth while to spend a day at Cheneys, if only for the breakfast—breakfast on fresh pink trout from the Ches, fresh eggs, fresh yellow butter, cream undefiled by chalk, and home-made bread untouched by alum. The Russells have been the apostles of progress, but there is no progress in their own dominion. The ducal warranty is on everything which is consumed there.

The sun was shining an hour ago. It is now raining; it rained all yesterday; the clouds are coming up from the south

and the wind is soft as oil. The day is still before us, and it is a day made for trout-fishing. The chapel is not the only attraction at Cheneys. No river in England holds finer trout, nor trout more willing to be caught. Why fish will rise in one stream and not in another is a problem which we must wait to understand, as Bret Harte says, in "another and a better world." The Ches at any rate is one of the favored waters. Great too is the Duke of Bedford—great in the millions he has spent on his tenants' cottages—great in the remission of his rents in the years when the seasons are unpropitious—great in the administration of his enormous property; but greater than all in the management of his fishing, for if he gives you leave to fish there, you have the stream for the day to yourself. You are in no danger of seeing your favorite pool already flogged by another sportsman, or of finding rows of figures before you fringing the river bank, waving their long wands in the air, each followed by his boy with basket and mackintosh. "Competition" and "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" are not heard of in this antique domain. A day's fishing at Cheneys means a day by the best water in England in the fisherman's paradise of solitude.

Such a day's privilege had been extended to me if I cared to avail myself of it, when I was coming down to see the chapel, and though my sporting days were over, and gun and rod had long lain undisturbed in their boxes, yet neither the art of fly-fishing, nor the enjoyment of it when once acquired and tasted, will leave us except with life. The hand does not forget its cunning, and opportunity begets the inclination to use it. I had brought my fishing-case along with me. Shall I stay at the inn over the day and try what can be done? The rain and the prospect of another such breakfast decide it between them. The water-keeper is at the window—best of keepers—for he will accept a sandwich perhaps for luncheon, a pull from your flask, and a cigar out of your case, but other fee on no condition. The rain he tells me has raised the water, and the large fish are on the move, the May-fly has been down for two days. They were feeding on it last evening. If the sky clears they will take well in the afternoon; but the fly will not show till the rain stops.

The Cheneys fishing is divided in the middle by a mill. Below the mill the trout are in greatest numbers, but com-

paratively small; above them is a long, still, deep pool where the huge monsters lie, and in common weather never stir till twilight. The keeper and I remember a summer evening some years ago, when at nightfall, after a burning day, the glittering surface of the water was dimpled with rings, and a fly thrown into the middle of these circles was answered more than once by a rush and scream of the reel; and a struggle which the darkness made more exciting. You may as well fish on the high road as in the mill pool when the sun is above the horizon, and even at night you will rarely succeed there; but at the beginning of the May-fly season these large fish sometimes run up to the rapid stream at the pool head to feed. This the keeper decides shall be tried if the fly comes down. For the morning he will leave me to myself.

Does the reader care to hear of a day's fishing in a chalk stream fifteen miles from London? As music to the deaf, as poetry to the political economist, as a mountain landscape to the London Cockney, so is chalk-stream trout-fishing to those who never felt their fingers tingle as the line whistles through the rings. For them I write no further; let them leave the page uncut and turn on to the next article.

Breakfast over, I start for the lower water. I have my boy with me home for the holidays. He carries the landing-net, and we splash through the rain to the mill. The river runs for a quarter of a mile down under hanging bushes. As with other accomplishments when once learned, eye and hand do the work in fly-fishing without reference to the mind for orders. The eye tells the hand how distant the bushes are, how near the casting-line approaches them. If a gust of wind twists it into a heap or sweeps it towards a dangerous bough, the wrist does something on the instant which sends the fly straight and unharmed into the water. Practice gives our different organs functions like the instinct of animals, who do what their habits require, yet know not what they do.

The small fish take freely—some go back into the water, the few in good condition into the basket, which, after a field or two becomes perceptibly heavier. The governor, a small humble-bee, used to be a good fly at Cheneys, and so did the black alder. Neither of them is of any use to-day. The season has been cold and late. The March brown answers best, with the never-failing red spinner.

After running rapidly through two or three meadows, the river opens into a broad, smooth shallow, where the trout are larger, and the water being extremely clear, are specially difficult to catch. In such a place as this, it is useless to throw your fly at random upon the stream. You must watch for a fish which is rising, and you must fish for him till you either catch him or disturb him. It is not enough to go below him and throw upwards, for though he lies with his head up-stream, his projecting eye looks back over his shoulders. You must hide behind a bunch of rushes. You must crawl along the grass with one arm only raised. If the sun is shining and the shadow of your rod glances over the gravel, you may get up and walk away. No fish within sight will stir then to the daintiest cast.

I see a fish close to the bank on the opposite side, lazily lifting his head as a fly floats past him. It is a long throw, but the wind is fair, and he is worth an effort—once, twice, three times I fail to reach him. The fourth I land the fly on the far bank, and draw it gently off upon his very nose. He swirls in the water like a salmon as he sweeps round to seize it. There is a splash—a sharp jerk, telling unmistakably that something has given way. A large fish may break you honestly in weeds or round a rock or stump, and only fate is to blame, but to let yourself be broken on the first strike is unpardonable. What can have happened? Alas, the red-spinner has snapped in two at the bend—a new fly bought last week at —'s, whose boast it has been that no fly of his was ever known to break or bend.

One grumbles on these occasions, for it is always the best fish which one loses; and as imagination is free, one may call him what weight one pleases. The damage is soon repaired. The basket fills fast as trout follows trout. It still rains, and I begin to think that I have had enough of it. I have promised to be at the mill at midday, and then we shall see.

Evidently the sky means mischief. Black thunder-clouds pile up to windward, and heavy drops continue falling. But there is a break in the south as I walk back by the bank—a gleam of sunshine spans the valley with a rainbow, and an actual May-fly or two sails by which I see greedily swallowed. The keeper is waiting; he looks scornfully into my basket. Fish—did I call these herrings fish? I must try the upper water at all

events. The large trout were feeding, but the fly was not yet properly on — we can have our luncheon first.

How pleasant is luncheon on mountain-side or river's bank, when you fling yourself down on fern or heather after your morning's work, and no daintiest *entrée* had ever such flavor as your sandwiches, and no champagne was ever so exquisite as the fresh stream water just tempered from your whisky flask. Then follows the smoke, when the keeper fills his pipe at your bag, and old adventures are talked over, and the conversation wanders on through anecdotes and experiences, till, as you listen to the shrewd sense and kindly feeling of your companion, you become aware that the steep difference which you had imagined to be created by education and habits of life had no existence save in your own conceit. Fortune is less unjust than she seems, and true hearts and clear-judging, healthy minds, are bred as easily in the cottage as the palace.

But time runs on, and I must hasten to the end of my story. The short respite from the wet is over. Down falls the rain again; rain not to be measured by inches, but by feet; rain such as has rarely been seen in England before this *astus mirabilis* of 1879. It looks hopeless, but the distance by the road to the top of the water is not great. We complain if we are caught in a shower; we splash along in a deluge, in boots and waterproof, as comportedly as if we were seals or otters. The river is rising, and as seldom happens with a chalk stream, it is growing discolored. Every lane is running with a brown stream, which finds its way at last into the main channel. The highest point is soon reached. The first hundred yards are shallow, and to keep the cattle from straying a high iron railing runs for a hundred yards along the bank. Well I knew that iron railing. You must stand on the lower bar to fish over it. If you hook a trout, you must play him from that uneasy perch in a rapid current among weeds and stones, and your attendant must use his landing-net through the bars. Generally it is the liveliest spot in the river, but nothing can be done there to-day. There is a ford immediately above, into which the thick road-water is pouring, and the fish cannot see the fly. Shall we give it up? Not yet. Further down the mud settles a little, and by this time even the road has been washed clean, and less dirt comes off it. The flood stirs the trout into life and hunger, and their eyes,

accustomed to the transparency of the chalk water, do not see you so quickly.

Below the shallow there is a pool made by a small weir, over which the flood is now rushing — on one side there is an open hatchway, with the stream pouring through. The banks are bushy, and over the deepest part of the pool the stem of a large ash projects into the river. Yesterday, when the water was lower, the keeper saw a four-pounder lying under that stem. Between the weir and the trees it is an awkward spot, but difficulty is the charm of fly-fishing. The dangerous drop fly must be taken off; a drop fly is only fit for open water, where there is neither weed nor stump. The March brown is sent skimming at the tail of the casting-line, to be dropped, if possible, just above the ash, and to be carried under it by the stream. It has been caught in a root, so it seems; or it is foul somewhere. Surely no fish ever gave so dead a pull. No; it is no root. The line shoots under the bank. There is a broad flash of white just below the surface, a moment's struggle, the rod springs straight, and the line comes back unbroken. The March brown is still floating at the end of it. It was a big fish, perhaps the keeper's very big one; he must have been lightly hooked, and have rubbed the fly out of his mouth.

But let us look closer. The red spinner had played false in the morning; may not something like it have befallen the March brown? Something like it, indeed. The hook has straightened out as if, instead of steel it had been made of copper. A pretty business! I try another, and another, with the same result. The heavy trout take them, and one bends and the next breaks. Oh! — —! Well for Charles Kingsley that he was gone before he heard of a treason which would have broken his trust in man. You in whose praise I have heard him so often eloquent! You never dealt in shoddy goods. You were faithful if all else were faithless, and redeemed the credit of English tradesmen. You had not then been in the school of progress and learnt that it was the buyer's business to distinguish good from bad. You never furnished your customers with cheap and nasty wares, fair-looking to the eye and worthless to the touch and trial. In those days you dealt with gentlemen, and you felt and traded like a gentleman yourself. And now you, too, have gone the way of your fellows. You are making a fortune as you call it, out of the reputation which you won honorably in better days. You

have given yourself over to competition and semblance. You have entered for the race among the sharpers, and will win by knavery and tricks like the rest. I will not name you for the sake of the old times, when C. K. and I could send you a description of a fly from the furthest corner of Ireland, and by return of post would come a packet tied on hooks which Kendal and Limerick might equal, but could not excel. You may live on undenounced for me; but read C. K.'s books over again; repent of your sins, go back to honest ways, and renounce the new gospel in which whosoever believes shall not be saved.

But what is to be done? Spite of the rain the river is now covered with drowned May-flies, and the trout are taking them all round. I have new May-flies from the same quarter in my book, but it will be mere vexation to try them. Luckily for me there are a few old ones surviving from other days. The gut is brown with age—but I must venture it. If this breaks I will go home, lock away my rod, and write an essay on the effects of the substitution of political economy for the Christian faith.

On then goes one of these old flies. It looks well. It bears a mild strain, and, like Don Quixote with his helmet, I will not put it to a severe trial. Out it shoots over the pool, so natural looking that I cannot distinguish it from a real fly which floats at its side. I cannot, nor can that large trout in the smooth water above the fall. He takes it, springs into the air, and then darts at the weir to throw himself over. If he goes down he is lost. Hold on. He has the stream to help him, and not an inch of line can be spared. The rod bends double, but the old gut is true. Down the fall he is not to go. He turns up the pool, he makes a dart for the hatchway,—but if you can stand a trout's first rush you need not fear him in fair water afterwards. A few more efforts and he is in the net and on the bank, not the keeper's four-pounder, but a handsome fish, which I know that he will approve.

He had walked down the bank pensively while I was in the difficulty with my flies, meditating, perhaps, on idle gentlemen, and reflecting that if the tradesmen were knaves the gentlemen were correspondingly fools. He called to me to come to him just as I had landed my trout. He was standing by the side of the rapid stream at the head of the mill-pool. It was as he had foretold; the great fish had come up, and were rolling

like salmon on the top of the water, gulping down the May-flies. Even when they are thus carelessly ravenous, the clearness of the river creates a certain difficulty in catching them in ordinary times, but to-day the flood made caution superfluous. They were splashing on the surface close to our feet, rolling about in a negligent gluttony which seemed to take from them every thought of danger, for a distance of at least three hundred yards.

There was no longer any alarm for the tackle, and it was but to throw the fly upon the river, near or far, for a trout instantly to seize it. There was no shy rising where suspicion balks the appetite. The fish were swallowing with a deliberate seriousness every fly which drifted within their reach, snapping their jaws upon it with a gulp of satisfaction. The only difficulty was in playing them when hooked with a delicate chalk-stream casting-line. For an hour and a half it lasted, such an hour and a half of trout-fishing as I had never seen and shall never see again. The ease of success at last became wearisome. Two large baskets were filled to the brim. Accident had thrown in my way a singular opportunity which it would have been wrong to abuse, so I decided to stop. We emptied out our spoils upon the grass, and the old keeper said that long as he had known the river he had never but once seen so many fish of so large a size, taken in the Ches in a single day by a single rod.

How can a reasonable creature find pleasure in having performed such an exploit? If trout were wanted for human food, a net would have answered the purpose with less trouble to the man and less annoyance to the fish. Throughout creation man is the only animal—man, and the dogs and cats which have learned from him—who kills, for the sake of killing, what he does not want, and calls it sport. All other animals seize their prey only when hungry, and are satisfied when their hunger is appeased.

Such, it can only be answered, is man's disposition. He is a curiously-formed creature, and the appetite for sport does not seem to disappear with civilization. The savage in his natural state hunts, as the animals hunt, to support his life; the sense of sport is strongest in the elaborately educated and civilized. It may be that the taste will die out before "progress." Our descendants, perhaps, a few generations hence, may look back upon a pheasant battue as we look back on

bear-baiting and bull-fighting, and our mild offspring, instructed in the theory of development, may see a proof in their fathers' habits that they come of a race who were once crueller than tigers, and will congratulate themselves on the change. So they will think, if they judge us as we judge our forefathers of the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and both we and they may be perhaps mistaken. Half the lives of men in mediæval Europe was spent in fighting. Yet from mediæval Europe came the knightly graces of courtesy and chivalry. The modern soldier, whose trade is war, yet hates and dreads war more than civilians dread it. The sportsman's knowledge of the habits of animals gives him a kindly feeling towards them notwithstanding, and sporting tends rather to their preservation than their destruction. The human race may become at last vegetarians and water-drinkers. Astrea may come back, and man may cease to take the life of bird, or beast, or fish. But the lion will not lie down with the lamb, for lambs and lions will no longer be; the eagle will not feed beside the dove, for doves will not be allowed to consume grain which might have served as human food, and will be extinct as the dodo. It may be all right and fit and proper: a world of harmless vegetarians may be the appropriate outcome of the development of humanity. But we who have been born in a ruder age do not aspire to rise beyond the level of our own times. We have toiled, we have suffered, we have enjoyed, as the nature which we have received has prompted us. We blame our fathers' habits; our children may blame ours in turn; yet we may be sitting in judgment, both of us, on matters of which we know nothing.

The storm has passed away, the dripping trees are sparkling in the warm and watery sunset. Back then to our inn, where dinner waits for us, the choicest of our own trout, pink as salmon, with the milky curd in them, and no sauce to spoil the delicacy of their flavor. Then bed, with its lavender-scented sheets and white curtains, and sleep, sound, sweet sleep, that loves the country village and comes not near a London bedroom. In the morning, adieu to Cheney's, with its red gable ends and chimneys, its venerable trees, its old-world manners, and the solemn memories of its mausoleum. Adieu, too, to the river, which, "though men may come and men may go," has flowed and will flow on forever, winding among its reed beds, murmuring over its grav-

elly fords, heedless of royal dynasties, uncaring whether Cheney or Russell calls himself lord of its waters, graciously turning the pleasant corn-mills in its course, unpolluted by the fetid refuse of manufactures, and travelling on to the ocean bright and pure and uncharged with poison, as in the old times when the priest sung mass in the church upon the hill, and the sweet, soft matins bell woke the hamlet to its morning prayers.

J. A. FROUDE.

#### HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

#### CHAPTER IV.

SIR WILLIAM did not come home for two days, but when he did return there was a line between his eyebrows which everybody knew did not come there for nothing. The first glimpse of him made the whole family certain *that he knew*; and that he was angry; but he did not say anything until dinner was over and the children gone to bed. By that time the ladies began to hope with trembling, either that they had been mistaken, or that nothing was going to be said. "I will tell him this evening, but I will choose my time," Lady Markham whispered to Alice as Sir William stood up in front of the fireplace and took his coffee after dinner. He was not a man who sat long after dinner, and he liked to have his coffee in the drawing-room, when all the boys and girls had said good-night. He was a little man of very neat and precise appearance, always carefully dressed, always dignified and stately. Perhaps this had been put on at first as a necessary balance to his insignificant stature; but it was part of himself now. His family could not but look up to a man who so thoroughly respected himself. He had a fine head, with abundant hair, though it was growing white, and very penetrating, keen blue eyes; but to see him standing thus against the carved marble of the mantelpiece with the faint glimmer of an unnecessary fire throwing up now and then a feeble flash behind him, it was not difficult to understand that his family were afraid of his displeasure. The conversation they maintained was of the most feeble, disjointed description, while he stood there not saying a word. Paul stood about too, helplessly, as men do in a drawing-room, unoccupied, and prepared



to resent anything that might be said to him. If only he could be got away Lady Markham felt that she would have courage to dare everything, and tell her husband, as was her wont, all that had occurred since he went away.

"The Westlands called on Tuesday. They were not more amusing than usual. He wanted to tell you of some great discovery he has made about the state of the law. Paul, will you go and fetch me that law-book I told you of, out of the library? I want to show something in it to papa."

"I don't know what you mean by a law-book," said Paul. He saw that it was intended as a pretext to send him away, and he would not budge.

"And I had a long talk with the vicar about the new cottages. He thinks only those should be allowed to get them who have been very well behaved in the old ones. Paul, by the way, that reminds me I promised to send down the Mudie books to the vicarage. Will you go and see after them, and tell Brown to send them away?"

"Presently," said Paul. He drank his coffee with the most elaborate tediousness. The more his mother tried to get rid of him, the more determined he was not to go.

"Except the vicar and the Westlands we have seen — scarcely anybody. But I want those books to go to-night, Paul."

"You are very anxious to get Paul out of the way," said Sir William. "What does 'scarcely anybody' mean? Is it true that a man called Spears, a trades-unionist, a paid agitator —"

"He is nothing of the sort," said Paul, with a sudden burst of passion. "If he is an agitator, it is for the right against the wrong, not for payment; anybody who knows him will tell you so."

"I have heard it from people who know him," said Sir William. "Is it possible that you took advantage of my absence, Paul, to bring such a man here — to lodge such a person in my house?"

"Such a person!" Paul, who had felt it coming ever since his father's arrival, stood to his arms at once. "He is the best man I know," he said, indignantly. "There is no house in the country that might not be proud to receive him; and as for taking advantage of your absence, sir —"

"Indeed," said Lady Markham, holding up her head, though she had grown pale, "you must not say so, William; he did not know you were away; and as for Mr. Spears, I was just about to tell you.

He is not a man to be afraid of. It is true he is not — in society, perhaps — he has not quite the air of a person in society — has he, Alice?" This was said with scarcely a tremble. "But his manners were perfectly good, and his appearance, though it was quite simple — I think you must be making some mistake. I saw no harm in him."

Will it be believed that Paul, instead of showing gratitude, was indignant at this mild approval? "Saw no harm in him," he cried, "his manners, his appearance! Are you mad, mother? He is a man who is worthy to be a king, if merit made kings; or if any man worth the name would accept an office which has been soiled by such ignoble use!"

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Sir William. "It is you who are mad. A stump-rotator, a fellow who does more mischief in England! My house is not to be made a shelter for such *canaille*. Your mother should have turned him to the door; and so she would have done, I don't doubt — her instincts are too fine not to have seen the kind of creature he was — but for her foolish devotion to you."

"Paul, Paul! Oh, don't speak — don't say anything," cried Alice in an agony, in her brother's ear.

"Let him say what he pleases," said Sir William. "This must be put a stop to. When the house is his he can dishonor it if he likes, but in the mean time the house is mine."

"Certainly the house is yours, sir," cried his son; "I make no claim on it. I feel no right to it. Let me alone, Alice! Do I want the house, or the land, or the money which we steal from the poor to make ourselves splendid, while our fellow-creatures are starving? I am ready to give it up at a moment's notice. It wounds my conscience, it restrains my action. I want nothing with your house, sir. If I may not bring one honest man into it, you may hand it over to any one you please; it is no home for me."

"Paul, Paul!" cried his mother in tones of alarm. Sir William only laughed that laugh of anger which frightens a household.

"Let him rave — let him rave," he cried, throwing himself into a chair. "A boy who speaks so of his home does not deserve one. He does not deserve the position Providence has given him — a good name, a good fortune, honorable ancestors, all thrown away."

"I acknowledge no honor in the ancestors that robbed the poor to make me

rich," cried the hot-headed youth. And the end of all was that his mother and sister had much ado to keep him from leaving the house at once, late as it was, in the heat of passion. Never before had such a storm—or indeed any storm at all—arisen in the peaceful house. It marked the ending of that idyllic age in which the rulers of a family are supreme, and where no new-developed will confronts them within their sacred walls. Raised voices and faces aglow with anger are terrible things in such an enclosure. It seemed to Lady Markham that she would die with shame when she met the look of subdued wonder, curiosity, and sympathy in old Brown's eyes; when, after the storm was over, after a decent interval, he came in, taking great precautions to make himself audible as he approached. It was the first time since she entered the house that her servants had occasion to be sorry for Lady Markham, and this consciousness went to her heart. By the time Brown came in, however, all was very quiet. Sir William had gone away to his library, and Paul, breathing indignation at every pore, was walking about the room with his hands in his pockets, now and then launching an arrow at his mother or sister. A truce had been patched up. He had consented, as a great matter, not to plunge out of the house into the darkness, but to wait till to-morrow. This was a concession for which they were as grateful as if it had been the noblest gift; it was for their sake he did it; nothing else, he declared, would have made him remain an hour under the same roof—"Oh, hush, Paul—hush! I forbid you to say another word," cried his mother; and then all was silent, as they heard Brown cough before he opened the door.

"Tell Lewis to have the dog-cart ready for Mr. Markham for the first train," she said, not raising her eyes. But all the same she saw the pity in the face of old Brown. He asked no question; he did not express his sorrow to hear of Mr. Markham's sudden departure, as on previous occasions he would have done, exercising the right of his old service; he said, "Certainly, my lady," in a tone which went to Lady Markham's heart. Even Brown perceived that there was no more to be said.

That was in other ways a notable year for the Markhams. For one thing Alice "came out." She was eighteen: she had not been prematurely introduced as an eldest daughter very often is. And in

consequence Lady Markham stayed in London longer and went more into society. This moment, so exciting to the *débutante*, was clouded over to Alice and to her mother by the fact that Paul was in disgrace. They were still in London when the Oxford term ended, and it had been their hope that he would join them there. It is true that this prospect was not altogether an unmingled delight, for a certain alarm was involved in their joy. How would his father and he "get on" after this first quarrel? Would Paul be as submissive, would Sir William be as forgiving as they ought? All the little triumphs of Alice, her *succès*, the admiration she had excited, were made of no account by this doubt and fear about her brother. But when, just before the long vacation began, a letter arrived from Paul, announcing that he did not mean to join them at all, but was going to "stay up and read," with a party of other "men" who entertained that virtuous intention, the revulsion of feeling in the minds of the mother and sister was very painful. They forgot that they had ever entertained any fear about his coming, and cried over his letter with the bitterest pangs of disappointment. "It is all papa's fault," Alice cried in mournful wrath, and though Lady Markham checked her daughter, saying, "Hush! surely your papa knows better than you do," yet there was a little rebellion in her heart too against the head of the house. Had he been less hard, Paul would have been more docile.

Sir William, however, as it happened, was rather mollified than offended by this intimation. The authorities of Paul's college had been finding fault. High hopes had been entertained of the young man at first. It had been believed that he would bring distinction to his college, which, who can doubt, is the first thing to be considered? But that hope had proved delusive; he had not "gone in for" half so much as he ought, and of all those things he had "gone in for" he had not been successful in one. This made him to be looked upon coldly by eyes which at first winked with benevolence at the blunders and idleness of a statesman's son. Now that they were aware that he was not likely to bring them any honor, the dons grew querulous with Paul. He was not a duke or a duke's son that he should ride roughshod over the habitudes of the university and its inviolable order. They had not of late shown that delight in him which parents love to see. He had not excited parental feelings in their

academical bosoms. He was visionary, he was Radical; and it was whispered that he received visitors in his rooms who were not of a character to be received there. Fortunately this last accusation had not reached Lady Markham's ears. Had she known, how could she ever have borne that "staying up to read," which at present seemed a proof of Paul's innate virtue? But Sir William was of tougher fibre. He was not displeased to be free of personal contact with his son at this crisis. It is not expedient that there should be quarrels in a family. All that nonsense would blow over. Paul's intellectual measles might be severe, but they were only measles after all, a malady of youth which a young man of marked character took more seriously than a frivolous boy, but which would pass away. "It will be all the better for his degree," his father said with that simplicity of confidence in the noble purpose of "staying up to read," which it is so touching to see. And what could the women say? If it was good for him was it their part to complain? They were cruelly disappointed, and yet perhaps they were relieved as well. They wrote letters full of the former feeling, but they did not say anything about the latter—not even to each other. How could they allow, even to themselves, that it was better for Paul to stay away?

However, this disappointment seriously interfered with the glories of her first season to Alice. She did not wish to stay longer in town than Lady Markham's usual time. She longed for the country, when the summer reached its very crown of brightness, and the park looked baked and the streets scorching. They went home, as they were in the habit of doing, in the end of June, leaving Sir William to toil through the end of the session by himself; and though it was still more melancholy to be without Paul in the quietness of home, yet there were compensations. They had their usual work to occupy them, and that routine of ordinary living which is the best prop and support of the anxious mind; and Alice was young enough, and her mother scarcely too old to forget, by times altogether, that there were troubles in the world. Nothing very dreadful had happened after all. If Paul did not write very often, were not all boys the same? Thus they kept their anxieties subdued, and were not unhappy—except perhaps for half an hour now and then.

Thus the summer went on. The holidays came once more. The boys came

home, the girls were delivered from their governess, and the reign of innocence recommenced. Not to last long this time, for everybody knew that in the second week in August papa was coming home. The children, however, took the good of the fortnight they had all to themselves. The sunshine, the harvest, the woods, how delightful they are in August, with no lessons, no governess, and mamma all to themselves! From morning till night the house was full of laughter and commotion, except when it lay all open and silent with the whole family out of it, gone picnicking, gone upon excursions, making simple holiday. "My lady is the biggest baby of them all," Mrs. Fry said with indulgent disapproval, shaking her head, "if she wasn't thinking all the time of Mr. Paul."

"Bless you, there ain't a minute as that boy is out of her head," said Brown. Brown was too respectful to say anything but Mr. Markham in public, but he said Mr. Paul, or even Paul *tout court*, when he was in the housekeeper's room. While these pranks were going on, the house lay like an enchanted palace, all its doors and windows open to the sweet summer air, the rooms full of flowers and sweetness, but nobody there. There were too many servants about for any fear of robbers, but it is doubtful whether Sir William would have thought it decorous had he seen the openness and vacancy of this summer palace, waiting all garnished and bright for the return of the revellers, for the rush of light feet, the smiles, the voices, the chattering and laughter, the gaiety and glee that in a moment would flood it through and through. But to the spectator, whose dignity was not involved, these changes were pretty and pleasant to see, and it was not to be wondered at perhaps if Brown and the army under his charge took holiday too.

One day very shortly before that on which Sir William was expected, a stranger walked slowly up the avenue and came to the great open door. Everything was open as usual. He saw into the great hall as he came gradually up, and saw that it was empty and still. It was a warm day, and he was weighed with a little valise which he carried, shifting it from one hand to the other with some appearance of fatigue. He was a tall man, very thin and very brown, with the unmistakable look of an old soldier in his well-squared shoulders, even though his figure drooped a little with fatigue and heat, and slightly with age. When he

reached the door he looked round him, and seeing nobody there went in and placed himself in a great chair which was near the open door. "He's come into my house without knocking many's the day," he said to himself. It was hot, and he was tired, and the coolness and shade inside completed what the glare without had done. He put his valise down by his side and leaned back, and felt himself very comfortable; then quite tranquilly and pleasantly closed his eyes and rested; had there been anything to drink all would have been perfect. But even without this it was very comfortable. The house was perfectly still, but outside a little breeze was getting up, making a murmuring cadence among the trees. There was a sound of bees in the air close at hand, and of birds further off among the branches—everything was sweet and summery and reposeful. The new-comer lay back in his chair in the mood which makes fatigue an accessory of enjoyment. Something of the vagabond was in his appearance, which yet scarcely marred his air of gentleman. Poor he was without doubt, growing old, very tired, dusty, and travel-worn. He was not fastidious about his accommodation, and could have slept as well on a grassy bank had it been needful, but the chair was very comfortable and pleasant. He fell asleep, or rather went to sleep, quite voluntarily. It was afternoon, near the time when the party might be expected to return, but up to this moment nobody had made any preparation for them, and the new-comer took possession without challenge of all the comfort of the vacant place.

Roland had been allowed that day to drive the dogcart, the carriage being full, and he and Marie had so urged the stout cob Primrose, which was the steed specially given up to the uses of the school-room, that he flew like the wind and got home before the carriage. The little pair burst into the stable-yard like a flash of lightning, and tossed the reins to the first astonished groom they encountered.

"Let's rush in the back way and pretend we have been back for an hour," cried Marie.

They flew rather than walked round by the flower-garden, and through the open window of the drawing-room. There was the carriage turning in at the gate, a quarter of a mile off; there was plenty of time. But the fact that there was plenty of time did not make them move quietly. They proceeded into the hall, making them-

selves audible by the chatter of their childish voices and laughter.

"Won't mamma be surprised!" cried Marie.

But, on the contrary, it was herself that was surprised. She gave a lengthened oh! of wonder, alarm, and consternation, as they came in sight of the stranger in the hall. She turned round and clutched at Roland, and like a little coward put him first. He was twelve, not an age to be frightened, and Marie was but eleven. Roland said oh! too, but with a different tone, and, dropping back a little upon her, confronted and gazed at the sleeper in the easy chair. His looks were not of the kind that children fly. The heavy moustache drooping over his mouth seemed to add to the appearance of complete, yet pleasant weariness, in which the shabby figure was wrapped. Here was a thing to encounter when one got home: a man, a gentleman, whom one had never seen before, fast asleep in the great chair in the hall!

"Will he not wake," whispered Marie. "Oh, Roland! are you frightened? Shall I run and tell Brown?"

"Frightened! likely," said Roland; but he kept hold of her frock, not that she could have been of any real assistance to him, but "for company."

The two children stood transfixed before this strange apparition, watching if he would move. At the first stir, Marie most likely would have run away with a shriek; but after all what was there to fear? Mamma had certainly turned into the avenue, and might arrive any moment, and Brown, with his army of men and maids, was somewhere in the background within call, so there was no real reason to fear. Nevertheless, when the arms that rested on the arms of the chair began to stretch themselves, and the intent gaze of the children drew the tired eyes open, Marie's best efforts to command herself could not restrain a tremulous cry, which quite completed the stranger's awakening.

"Bless me, I've been asleep," he said, opening his eyes. Then when he saw the two little figures before him, his eyelids opened wider, and a smile came out from underneath them. "Little folks, who are you?"

"It's you to tell us," cried Roland with spirit. "This is our house, but it isn't yours."

"That's true, my little man. I've been asleep, more shame to me. It was hot, and I've had a long walk."

"If you are very tired, poor gentleman," said Marie, coming in now that there seemed nothing to be afraid of, "I—don't think mamma will mind. Oh, Rol, here she is! come and tell her," the little girl cried. They forgot their triumph of being first, in the excitement of this strange piece of news, and flew bursting with it to the door of the carriage which swept up at the moment, filling the stillness with echoes, and waking up the whole silent house. Brown and the footman on duty appeared as by magic, and the whole enchanted palace came to life. The stranger sat still and watched it all with a smile on his face. He saw pretty Alice and her beautiful mother descend from the carriage, and a curious light broke over his countenance.

"Lucky little beggar," he said.

He repeated this phrase two or three times to himself before he was altogether roused from the half-dream, half-languor, he was still in, by the sight of Lady Markham's eyes fixed upon him, and the alarmed, guilty, nervous inspection of old Brown.

"You must get out of here, sir—you must get out of here, sir—heaven knows how you got into it; this must have been your fault, Charles. I can't let you stay here, though I don't want to be uncivil. My lady's coming this way."

"It's your lady I want, my friend," said the intruder, rising languidly. He made Lady Markham a fine bow as she approached, with surprise in her face. "I must be my own godfather, and present myself to my old friend's family," he said. "I am Colonel Lenny of the 50th West India Regiment. St. John Lenny at your service, my dear madam, once Will Markham's closest friend."

Lady Markham made him a curtsy in return for his bow.

"Sir William is not at home," she said. If she had not already suffered for her hospitality, his reception would have been less cold; but she had never heard of Colonel Lenny, and what could she say?

"He must have talked to you about me and mine. I married a Gaveston—Katey. You must have heard him speak of her. No? That is very strange. Then perhaps you will think me an intruder, my Lady Markham. I beg your pardon. I thought I was sure of a welcome, and I was so done with the heat, though I used not to mind the heat, that I fell asleep in your nice, pleasant hall, in this big chair."

Lady Markham inclined her head in as-

sent. What was she to do? who was Colonel Lenny? She cast a glance at Alice, seeking counsel; but how could Alice advise?

"Will you come in now and take a cup of tea with us?" she said.

#### CHAPTER V.

COLONEL LENNY left his valise in the hall where, when he rose, it was very visible, a dusty object upon the soft carpet. Lady Markham looked at it with alarm. Did it mean that he intended to stay? Was she to be punished for having received one unsuitable visitor by being forced to be rude to another? She led the way into the drawing-room in great perplexity and trouble. As for Brown and Charles they both went and looked at the valise with curiosity as a natural phenomenon. "Is all the beggars coming on visits?" said the footman; "I ain't agoing to wait on another, not if my wages was doubled." "Hold your tongue," said Brown; "you'll do what I tell you, if you want to go from here with a character. So mind your business, and keep your silly remarks to yourself." But when Charles disappeared, muttering, Brown turned over the dusty, humble portmanteau with his foot, with serious disgust. "My lady hasn't the heart to say no to nobody," he said to himself. He felt perfectly convinced that this miserable representation of a gentleman's luggage would sooner or later have to be carried upstairs.

The stranger followed Lady Markham into the drawing-room, at which he gazed with wonder and admiration. "This is something like a house," he said. "Little we thought, when I used to know Will Markham, that he would ever come to this honor and glory. It was in the year—bless me, not any year you can recollect—forty years ago if it is a day. His brothers were living, and he was nearly as poor as the rest of us. I married Katey. He must have spoken of the Gavestons, though he might not mention his old friend Lenny. Ah, well, maybe no—to be sure I am not taking everything into consideration. Did your father ever tell you, my boys, of the West Indies, and the insurrection, and all the stirring times we had there?"

Harry and Roland looked at each other with eyes brightening, yet confused. Papa was not a man who told stories of anything,—and Lady Markham interposed. "I think you must be making a mistake," she said. "I am sure Sir Wil-



liam has never been in the West Indies. You must be thinking of some one else of the same name."

The old soldier looked at her with bewildered surprise. "A mistake!" he said. "I make a mistake about Will Markham? I have known all about him, and the name of his place, his family, and all his belongings, for the last forty years! Why, I—I am his——" Then he paused and looked at Lady Markham, and added slowly, "One of his very oldest friends, be the other who he may."

"I beg your pardon," she said, concealing her embarrassment over the tea-table.

Colonel Lenny was not particularly fond of tea: he would have liked, he thought, something else instead of it, something that foamed and sparkled; yet the tea was better than nothing. He gave her his pardon very easily, not dwelling upon the offence.

"Ah," he said, "I can tell you stories that will make your hair stand on end. When those niggers broke out it was not preaching that would do much. That was in the old time, you know, when land meant something in the islands, before emancipation. Did you ever hear about the emancipation? I'll tell you a story about the times before that. We had to get the women and children stowed away—the devils would have thought no more of cutting them to pieces—We were after them in the woods night and day sometimes. Once your father was with us—he was not in the service, as we were, but he was very plucky, though he was always small—he joined as a volunteer."

"Where was that? and when was that?" cried the boys; and the girls too drew nearer, much attracted by the promise of a story. Colonel Lenny waved his long, brown hand to them, and went on,—

"I'll tell you all about that presently; but I must ask you to let me know, my dear lady, when Markham is expected home. I've got business to talk over—business that is more his than mine. He'll know all about it as soon as he hears my name. It is a long time since we met—and perhaps the notion would never have struck me to seek him out but for—things that have happened. It is more his business than mine."

"I am not sure whether he will return to-morrow or next day—next day at the latest," said Lady Markham, faltering.

She could not make up her mind what

to do. On the occasion of her former mistake, Paul in person had been present to answer for his friend, but there was no one to guarantee this second stranger—this new claimant on her hospitality. If he should be an impostor! but he did not look like an impostor; or, if it should be a mistake after all, and his Will Markham quite a different man? Will Markham! it seemed incredible to Lady Markham that any one should ever have addressed her husband with so much familiarity. These, and a hundred other thoughts, ran through her mind as she poured out the tea.

Meantime, Colonel Lenny made great friends with the children. He began to tell them the most exciting stories. He was not ill at ease as Spears had been, but sat luxuriously thrown back into a luxurious chair, his long limbs stretched out, his long, brown hands giving animation to his narrative. Lady Markham managed to escape while this was going on, and got "Burke" down from the bookshelves in the hall, and anxiously looked up its various lists. There was no Sir William Markham except her husband, no William Markham at all among the county gentry. When Brown, become suspicious by his past experiences, came into the hall at the sound of her foot, she put back the book again guiltily. The old butler came forward with an expression of concern and trouble on his countenance. "What does your ladyship intend," he asked solemnly, "that I should do with this?" touching with his foot as he spoke the dusty valise—the old soldier's luggage, which lay very humbly as if ashamed of itself half under the big chair. Lady Markham could have laughed and she could have cried. "I don't know what to do, Brown," she said. Brown was very much tempted to give his mistress the benefit of his advice. He forbore, however, exercising a wise discretion, for Lady Markham, though very gracious, was proud; but he was not self-denying enough to divest himself of a general air of anxiety—the air of one who could say a great deal if he would—shaking his head slightly, and looking at the offending article, which seemed to try to withdraw itself out of notice under the shadow of the chair. He could have said a great deal if he had dared. He would have bidden his mistress beware who she took into her house. Sir William wasn't best pleased before, and if it happens again—Perhaps Lady Markham read something of this in Brown's eyes; and she

did not like the butler's advice, which was more or less disapproval, as all effective advice is. The result was, however, that before dinner the poor little valise was carried up, to the great scorn of the domestics, to a bedroom, and that Colonel Lenny, after keeping the children suspended on his lips all the evening, withdrew early, leaving the mother and daughter to an anxious consultation over him. Alice, too, had consulted a book, but it was an army list that was the subject of her studies. She came to her mother triumphantly with this volume open in her hand.

"Here he is, mamma. John St. John Lenny, 50th West India Regiment. I am so glad I have found it. He is delightful. There never could be any doubt about such a thorough old soldier."

"You thought Mr. Spears interesting, Alice," said Lady Markham, feebly.

"Mamma! and so did you. He was very interesting. I have his lily that he drew for me, and it is beautiful. But he was not a gentleman. He did not know how to sit on his chair, nor how to stand, nor what to say to you or even me. He called me Miss Alice, and you my lady. But Colonel Lenny is entirely different. He is just the same as everybody else, only more amusing than most people. Did you hear the story he was telling about——"

"Oh, my dear, I was a great deal too anxious to be able to attend to any story. What if he should turn out some agitator too? what if he were a spy to see what kind of life we lead, or an impostor, or some one who has made a mistake, and takes your papa for some other Markham? If I have taken in some one else whom I ought not to have taken in, I think I will die of shame."

"How can he be an impostor, when he is here, in the Army List?"

"Let me see it," Lady Markham said. She read out the name word by word, and her mind was a little relieved. "I suppose there cannot be any mistake since he is here," she said, with a sigh of relief. But, as a matter of fact, Lady Markham set up in her dressing-gown half the night, afraid of she knew not what, and listening anxiously to all the vague mystical noises that arise in a sleeping house in the middle of the night. She did not know what it was of which she was afraid. How could he be an impostor when his name was in the Army List, and when he had that kind, brown face? But then, on the other hand, a man from the West

Indies, who called her husband Will Markham, was an incredible person. She sat up till the blue summer daylight came silently in at all the windows, putting her suspicious candles to shame, when she, too, became ashamed of herself for her suspicions, and crept very quietly to bed. Sir William did not come next day, but Colonel Lenny stayed on, and as it is always the *premier pas qui coûte*, Lady Markham's doubts were lulled to rest, and she neither frowned nor watched the second night. And on the third Sir William came. It was Alice who went to meet him at the station, in a pretty little pony carriage which he had given her. Everything was done instinctively by the ladies to disarm any displeasure papa might feel, and to prepare him to receive this second visitor with a friendly countenance. If there was anything that moved Sir William's heart with a momentary impulse of unreasoning pride and foolish fondness, it was supposed by his wife to be the sight of his pretty daughter, with her pretty ponies. These ponies had been named To-to and Ta-ta before Alice had them—after, it was understood, two naughty personages in a play—and as the ponies were very naughty the names were retained. There were no such mischievous and troublesome individuals about the house, and Alice was very proud of the fact that it was she with her light hand who managed them best. Sir William was not fond of wild animals, and yet all the household knew that he liked to be brought home by his daughter in her little carriage, with the ponies skimming over the roads as if they were flying. It was the one piece of dash and daring in which he delighted.

Lady Markham, who was not fond of risking her daughter, came out to the door, to entreat her to take care.

"And you will explain everything?" she said, "how it happened, and how very uneasy we have been; but, my darling, above all, take care of yourself. Do not let those wicked little things run away with you. Give George the reins if you feel them too strong for your wrist. And make him understand, Alice, how nice, how really nice, and kind, and agreeable he is. George, you must never take your eye off the ponies, and see that Miss Markham takes care."

"I hope they know my hand better than George's," said Alice, scornfully, "better than any one else's. Nobody can interfere between them and me."

"Pretty creatures! I don't know which

is the prettiest," said Colonel Lenny, coming up. He had all the children in a cluster round him. "They are three beauties; that is all there is to be said. If you were not so little I could tell you now about a great number of pretty girls in a family, that were called the pride of Barbadoes. I married one of them, and my friend Markham — why, my friend Markham knew them very well, my dear madam," the colonel said. It did not seem to be the conclusion which he intended to give to his description. However, he added, with a smile, "But as you're so little I won't tell you about young ladies. I'll tell you about the Oboe men, and the harm they do among the poor niggers."

"Oh," cried Bell and Marie, in one breath, "we should like to hear about the young ladies best."

"Bosh!" cried the boys, "what is the good of stories about a pack of girls? I hate stories that are full of love and all that stupid stuff."

"Then here goes for the Oboe men," said the old soldier. He seated himself under the great portico, in a large Indian bamboo chair that stood there in summer, and the children perched about him like a flight of birds.

Lady Markham looked at this group for a moment, with a softening of all the anxious lines that had got into her face. She was not afraid of her husband, who had always been so good to her, but she was afraid of disapproval, and the Spears' affair was fresh in her mind. But then, in all the circumstances, that was so different!

She left the pretty group round the door, and went slowly down the avenue, that she might be the first to meet her husband. Now that the critical moment arrived, she began for the first time to think what the business could be which Colonel Lenny was waiting to discuss. "More his business than mine." What was it? This question rose in her mind, giving a little, a very little additional anxiety to her former disquietude. And then, being anxious anyhow, what wonder that her mind should glide on to the subject of Paul and what he was doing. That was a subject that was never long out of her thoughts. Would he come home when the shooting began? He could not stay up to read forever. Would his father and he meet as father and son ought to meet? Would it be possible to reason or laugh the boy out of his foolish notions, and bring him back to right views, to the disposition which ought to belong to his

father's son? This was a wide sea of troubles to be launched upon, all starting from the tiny rivulet of alarm lest Sir William should dislike the new visitor. She went slowly down the avenue, under the flickers of sunshine and shade, under the murmuring of the leaves, catching now and then the sound of the colonel's voice in the distance, and the exclamations of the children. Ah, at their age how simple it all was — no complication of opposed wills, no unknown friends or influences to contend with! She sighed, poor lady, with happiness and with pain. It is easy even for a mother to dismiss from her thoughts those who are happy; but how can she forget the one who perhaps is not happy, who is absent, who is among unknown elements, not good or innocent? Thus Lady Markham's thoughts, however occupied with other subjects, came back, like the doves to their windows, always to Paul.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"Has anything happened, papa? You are so late — nearly an hour. To-to has been almost mad with waiting — has there been an accident? We were all beginning to get frightened here."

"No accident that I know of," said Sir William. He cast a look of pleasure at the pretty equipage and the pretty charioteer — a look of proud proprietorship and paternal pride. Alice was his favorite, they all said. But, notwithstanding, he would not join her till he had seen that all his portmanteaus had been got out and carefully packed on the dog-cart which had come for them. Sir William's own gentleman, Mr. Roberts, a most careful and responsible person, whose special charge these portmanteaus were, superintended the operation; but this did not satisfy his master. He stood by the pony carriage, talking to his daughter, but he kept his eyes upon his luggage. There were despatch-boxes, no doubt freighted with the interests of the kingdom, and too important to be left to the care of a valet, however conscientious, and a railway porter. It was only when they were all collected and safe that he took his place by the side of Alice.

"You may be sure, my dear," he said, "that unless you take similar precautions you will always be losing something." The ponies had gone off with such a start of delight the moment they were set free, that Sir William's remark was jerked out of his mouth.

"It would be quite a novelty if that

happened to you—it would be rather nice, showing that you were human like the rest of us. Did you really never, never, lose anything, papa?"

"Never," he said; and you had only to look at him to see that this was no exaggeration. Such a perfectly precise and orderly person was never seen; from the top of his hat to the tip of his well-brushed boots there was nothing out of order about him, notwithstanding his journey. His clothes fitted him perfectly; they were just of the cut and the color that suited his age, his importance, and position. That he would ever have neglected any duty or forgotten any necessary precaution, seemed impossible. "However," he added, "I must not say too much; when I was young I have no doubt accidents happened. What I object to is that the present generation seems to think it a privilege to be forgetful. I was taught to be ashamed of it in my day."

"Oh yes, papa, we are very silly," said Alice, "though mamma says I am a little old maid and never forget. I take after you, that is what they all say."

Sir William looked at her with a benevolent smile. There is no more subtle flattery that a child can address to a parent than this of "taking after" him, though why it should please us so it would be hard to say. He leaned back in his seat with a sense of well-deserved repose, while the impatient ponies flew along, tossing their pretty heads, their bells jingling, their hasty little hoofs beating time over the dry summer road. "This is very pleasant," he said. It was a perfect summer evening, cool after a hot day, and the road lay through a tranquil, wealthy country, so fresh after the burnt-up parks, yet full of harvest wealth; the sheaves standing in the fields, some golden breadths of corn still uncut, and the heavy richness of the full foliage throwing deep shadows eastward. The ponies flew like the wind, and Alice, holding them with firm little vigorous hands, turned her soft face to him, all lit up with pleasure at his return. A conscientious statesman, a man who has been broiling in the service of his country, sitting on committees, listening to endless wearisome discussions, and all the bothers of the end of the session, it may be supposed what a pleasant relief it was to step into this little fairy carriage and be carried swiftly and softly through the happy autumn fields to his home. "All well?" he said. But a man who has a daily bulletin from his wife asks such a question

tranquilly, without any anxiety for the reply.

"I wonder who that lady was in the pink bonnet," said Alice. "Strangers so seldom come out at our station. I wonder who she is going to. Perhaps it is somebody for the vicarage. Oh, yes, they are all quite well. The boys came home on Friday week, and they have never been out of mischief ever since. They are in the woods all day; and the girls have begun their holidays, too. Mademoiselle has gone. We wanted only you, papa, you—and Paul. But who could that lady with the pink bonnet be?"

This second expression of curiosity was added artificially to cover the allusion to Paul. Sir William did not take any notice of either one or the other. "So Mademoiselle has gone?" he said. "I hope you keep order, and that mamma does not let them be too irregular. They will be far happier for a little wholesome restraint."

"I suppose so," said Alice, dubiously. "Anyhow," she added, "they have had nearly a fortnight all to themselves. We have all been idle;" but we will settle down into right laws and proper habits now we have got you, papa."

"That will be quite necessary," he said; then, with a slightly impatient tone, "You spoke of Paul—what is your last news of Paul?"

To-to had a very sensitive mouth. At this moment he so resented some imperceptible pull of the reins that he got into the air altogether, capering with all his four feet, and called for Alice's complete attention. In the midst of this little excitement she said, "Paul is still at Oxford, papa. He does not write very often. Oh, you bad To-to, what do you mean by this?"

"He has got very fond of Oxford all at once."

"He has all his friends there—at least some of his friends. Papa," cried Alice, with an impulse of alarm, "I wonder who that lady can be. She is coming after us in the village fly. I saw her bonnet just now through the window, when To-to made that bolt."

"My dear it is quite unimportant who she is—unless you think she is one of your brother's friends. Considering who his associates are, one could never be astonished at any arrival. It may be a lady lecturer, perhaps on Female Suffrage and Universal Equality."

"Oh, papa! because he knows one

man like that! But I have something to tell you — something that makes mamma and me a little uneasy. A gentleman came on Monday — oh, not a common person at all, a *gentleman*, and very nice. We could not tell what to do, but at last, after many consultations, we made up our minds to invite him to stay."

"My dear Alice!" cried Sir William, "what do you and your mother mean? Is my house to be made into an hotel? What is the meaning of it? Am I to understand that you have taken in another nameless person, another disreputable acquaintance of Paul's? Good heavens! is your mother mad? But I will not put up with it. My house shall not be made a refuge for adventurers, a den of —"

"For that matter," said Alice, growing pale, "I suppose it is mamma's house too."

There are opinions that get into the air and spread in sentiment when most opposed in principle. Nobody could have been more horrified than Lady Markham at any claim for her of woman's rights; but when her little daughter, generously bred, found herself suddenly confronted by this undoubting claim of proprietorship, a chord was struck within her which has perhaps only learned to vibrate of recent days. She looked her father in the face with sudden defiance. She had not intended it — on the contrary, the object of her mission, the chief thing in her thoughts, had been to conciliate him in respect to this visitor, and soften his probable displeasure. But a girl's mind is a delicate machine, and there is nothing that so easily changes its balance by a sudden touch. A whole claim of rights, a whole code of natural justice, blazed up in her blue eyes. She forgot To-to in her sudden indignation, looking with all the severity of logical youth in her father's face.

Sir William was altogether taken aback. He returned her look with a kind of consternation.

"You little —" But then he stopped. A man sometimes remembers (though not always), that when he is speaking to his children of their mother, it is necessary to do so with respect. Unquestionably it was expedient that a girl should have full faith in her mother. Besides (it gleamed upon Sir William), Alice was not a child. She was a reasonable little creature, able, after all, more or less to form an opinion for herself. Perhaps he was more disposed to grant this privilege

to the girl who was not likely to make any extravagant use of it than to the boy; or perhaps his ill success in respect to the boy had taught him a lesson. Anyhow he paused. "Of course," he said, "it is also, as you say, your mamma's house. A friend of hers, I need not tell you, would be as welcome to me as a friend of my own. Do I ever attempt to settle without her who is to be asked? but with your sense, Alice, you must be aware that there is a difference. I must interfere to prevent your excellent mother, who is only too good and kind, from being imposed upon by those disreputable acquaintances of Paul's."

"I beg your pardon, papa," said Alice, who had been waiting breathless for the end of his address to make her eager apologies. "But," she added, not unwilling to bring him down summarily from his elevation, "the gentleman I have been speaking of declares that he is your friend, and not Paul's."

"My friend! Then I daresay it is quite simple," said Sir William, relapsing into his previous state of perfect repose and calm. "My friends are your mother's friends too."

"Ah, but this is different. (Papa, I am certain that woman is following us). This is quite different. It is an *old* friend, whom none of us ever heard of. If we had known even his name we should not have been afraid. But do not be frightened, he is very nice. We all like him. He says he knew you in the West Indies, and the thing that alarmed us was that none of us, not even mamma, ever knew you had been there at all."

"The West Indies!" Was it possible that Sir William started, so much as to shake the pony carriage in which he sat? A cloud came suddenly over his serene countenance. He did not say, as Alice fancied he would, "I know nothing about the West Indies." On the contrary, he paused, cleared his throat, and asked in a curiously restrained, yet agitated voice, "What does he — call himself? — what is his name?"

Alice was half alarmed by the effect she had produced. She did not understand it. She wanted to soften and do away with any disagreeable impression.

"Oh, he is very nice," she said. "It is not any one you will mind, papa. And he is all right; he is in the Army List; we looked him up at once; we took every precaution; and there he was, just as he said, I. St. John Lenny, 50th West India Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel. After



that, of course, and when he said he had known you so well, we could not hesitate any more."

"Lenny!" Sir William said. It was with a tone of relief. He drew a long breath "as if he had expected something much worse," Alice said afterwards. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. To be sure it was a warm evening. But there was something very strange to the girl in her father's agitation. She did not understand it—he who was always so calm, who never allowed anything to put him out.

"Then were you really in the West Indies, papa?"

"I was in a great many places in my youth," he said. "I was not taken care of as my boys have been. I was the youngest, and I did pretty much as I liked—a bad thing," he added, after a pause; "a very bad thing, though you children never understand it. It led me into places and among people, whose very names I seem to have forgotten now."

There was a pause. Alice was very curious, but she did not venture to say more. She did not like even to look at her father who was so unusually disturbed. What could make him so unlike himself? The idea that there might be a mystery in Sir William's life was more than impossible, it was ludicrous. She tried to fix her attention upon the ponies, who were going so beautifully. Then her ear was caught by the steady roll of wheels coming after them. Certainly it was the fly from the village; and certainly it was following on to the gates of the Chase which were now in sight. This was not the way to the vicarage or to any other house to which a stranger who had stopped at the station of Markham Royal could be going. She had not really believed it possible that the lady in the pink bonnet could be coming to the Chase; but now it seemed almost certain. What could be the meaning of it? Her heart jumped up into sudden excitement. She flourished her whip and touched the ponies till they flew. She could not bear the heavy rolling of that fly, a long way behind, yet always following with the steadiness of fate. This distracted her thoughts at once from her father, and a thousand conjectures rushed into the girl's head. Could it be somebody from Paul? The fly came pounding heavily along, nothing stopping it. What could she do to stop it or conjure its passenger away? If it was bad news that was coming in it, what doubt that it would arrive quite safely? Paul!

what could a woman in a pink bonnet have to do with Paul? Could he be ill? Could he be going to marry somebody, to do something foolish? Alice became herself so excited that she could not think of her father. And her father for his part took little notice of Alice. His mind was full of thoughts that would have been very incomprehensible, very startling to her. The stranger's name had fallen upon him in his tranquillity as a stone falls into still waters. The calm surface of his mind was all broken, filled with widening and ever widening circles of recollection. He felt dizzy like a man in a dream. The past was so long past, that, thus suddenly recalled to him, after such an interval of years, Sir William had a moment of giddy uncertainty as to whether it had actually existed at all, whether it was not a mere fable, something he had read in a book. Forty years ago—is a man responsible for things he did forty years ago? Can he be blamed if he forgets them? Can he be expected to remember? He who was so systematic, so careful, who never lost anything, who had for years been in a position to set every one else right; was it possible that he had once been foolish as other men? He himself did not understand it. He could not believe it. Lenny? Yes, he remembered there had been a man—the West Indies—ah, yes! things had passed there which he would not care now to talk about, which had been forgotten, which were to him as if they had never been. Had they ever been? he could scarcely tell. The ponies skimmed along the road, the bells jingled, the gates of the house were in sight, another minute and they would have reached the avenue. And then—instead of his gentle wife, and his innocent children, and universal respect, service, comfort, and worship of every kind, would it be the past in bodily presence that would have to be encountered, painful explanations, revelations, which might make a sudden rending asunder of the beauty and the happiness of life? Sir William wiped his forehead again as they turned into the gate, into the shelter of the familiar trees.

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From All The Year Round.  
STRANGE DEALINGS WITH THE CROWN  
JEWELS.

THEORETICALLY, a nation unprovided with a standing army is bound to keep

the peace except under irresistible provocation. It is none the less true, that the fact that they had no regular soldiery ready to their beck and call, never deterred English kings from indulging their bellicose propensities. So long as they could raise money, men were never lacking; and cash they usually contrived to find by hook or crook, even if the Commons, the clergy, and the Jews failed to supply sufficient for the needs of the hour.

The Plantagenets were very rough and ready financiers. When Richard the First took it into his head to try conclusions with Saladin, he raised the needful by turning the crown manors, and the fortresses of Roxburgh and Berwick into hard cash, selling offices of trust to the best bidders, and did not hesitate to avow that he would dispose of London itself if a purchaser were forthcoming. Strangely enough, *Cœur de Lion* never seems to have thought of doing the same by his crown jewels. Henry the Third was the first English monarch who had recourse to that undignified expedient. The idea, indeed, did not originate with him; for it is recorded that when some person or persons unknown suggested the replenishing the royal coffers by selling the crown plate and jewelry, the king hinted a doubt as to the likelihood of finding purchasers, and being assured that the citizens of London would gladly accommodate him, Henry exclaimed: "On my word, if the treasury of Augustus were brought to sale, the citizens are able to be the purchasers. These clowns, who assume to themselves the names of barons, abound in everything, while we are reduced to necessities!" Notwithstanding his indignation, Henry, like other men in his predicament, was willing enough to deal with the full-pursed ones he abused, and so, in 1248, he sold the citizens of London all the plate and jewelry he had not already mortgaged to the merchants of France. The relief afforded was, however, only a temporary one; for seven years later we find him demanding eight thousand marks of the Jews, and answering their remonstrance against the exaction, by pleading that he was a beggar, spoiled and stripped of all his revenues, without a farthing wherewith to keep himself, and therefore must have money from any hand and by any means.

A more capable man in every way than impecunious Henry, Edward the First recovered the crown jewels his sire had pawned, and by liberal purchasing became in time the owner of a splendid collection

of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, topazes, carbuncles, chalcedonies and garnets; to say nothing of gemmed crucifixes, silver girdles, gold rings and clasps, gilt combs, silver-sheathed knives, and pearl-covered ewers; treasures deposited in Westminster Abbey with his four crowns. There the king left them when he departed for Scotland, in 1303, to avenge De Segrave's triple defeat, and there he expected to find them on his return; but during his absence the treasure-chamber was ransacked by thieves who carried off a hundred thousand pounds' worth of valuables. Only one was caught, with a fiftieth part of the plunder upon him, although he confessed to having "conveyed" sundry rings, girdles, gold and silver spoons, cups, saucers and dishes, three pouches full of precious stones, and a silver-gilt Virgin. The rogues left Henry the Third's secret seal and the consecration ring upon the chamber floor, and did not venture to appropriate any one of Edward's quartette of crowns, tempting prizes though they were; one being set with Indian pearls, one mounted with emeralds and rubies, a third with emeralds, rubies, and pearls; while the gold coronation crown was richly garnished with emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and large Eastern pearls.

Some of the plunder found its way to Colchester, some to Northampton, and some was disposed of nearer the scene of the robbery. Edward strongly suspected the Lombard merchants of being concerned in the affair, but no proof was forthcoming against principals or accessories. For all that, the abbot of Westminster, the abbey sacristan, and forty-eight monks were sent to the Tower upon suspicion, and were not all released until two years afterwards. Whether they were innocent or guilty, it is impossible to say; but if it be true that the abbey grave-yard was sown with hemp four months before the burglary, that a hiding-place might be ready to hand for the stolen property, the dwellers in the abbey precincts must have been more or less implicated in the matter.

Invited over to the Low Countries by the famous brewer of Ghent, James d'Arteville, Edward the Third supplemented the grant obtained from Parliament towards the expenses of the expedition, by squeezing the Lombards, and pawning his crown and his jewels to the Flemings. In their hands they remained until redeemed by his grandson, or his grandson's guardians.

Most probably by the latter. Prodigal Richard was apter at incurring new debts than at paying off old scores; and had not been long his own master before the crown and its companion jewels found their way into the possession of the Earl of Arundel and the Bishop of London, as security for the repayment of ten thousand pounds advanced to their improvident sovereign, who parted company with his beloved jewelled white harts in a similar emergency. To redeem the blemished crown from pawn devolved upon proud Bolingbroke, who, having enough to do to hold his own at home, was not to be tempted to embark in costly foreign expeditions, and was enabled to keep the golden ring and its sister treasures to their proper use.

Not so fortunate proved his warlike successor. To raise the funds to carry him to France, and show the jesting Dauphin he had mistaken his man, Harry the Fifth was fain to borrow ten thousand marks of the mayor and commonalty of London, and a lesser sum of the Bishop of Worcester and the city of Coventry; the bishop and his fellow loan-mongers receiving the king's "Skelton Collar," garnished with sapphires, rubies, and pearls, by way of security; while the Londoners obtained his "Rich Collar," worth two thousand eight hundred pounds. This Henry contrived to redeem before twelve months had gone by, but the Skelton Collar remained in the hands of the hero's creditors to the day of his death.

Henry the Sixth was always sorrowing and borrowing, the latter at a very burdensome rate; for when, in 1439, he wanted a loan of seven thousand marks of the imperious churchman, Cardinal Beaufort, his kind uncle, not satisfied with the deposit of the Rich Collar, obtained the Skyngton Collar also, besides three gold tablets of St. George, Our Lady, and Christ's Passion; a great alms-dish made in manner of a ship full of men of arms fighting upon the shipside; divers chargers, chalices, basins, pots, and saucers; and, last but not least, the sword of Spain, a golden weapon decked with sapphires—all, moreover, to become the absolute property of the covetous cardinal unless redeemed within a year. That the king ever enjoyed his own again does not appear probable, seeing that a few years afterwards he could pay the Earl of Buckingham and his men for their services in France only by transferring a tablet, a little bell, and two basins of gold to that nobleman's keeping; things of little ac-

count in the estimation of a monarch who, if Shakespeare pictures him truly, would gladly have exchanged places with the homely swain, and spent his hours sitting on a hill "to carve out dials quaintly, point by point."

Doughty soldiers as they were, both the handsomest king of his time and his brother, high-shouldered Richard, were too fond of setting off their persons to the best advantage to readily part with anything conducing to that end. The Tudors were more given to increasing than diminishing the contents of the royal jewel-house, so there was no more trafficking with crown jewels for many a long day; not, at least, by their proper owners. Others were, apparently, not so scrupulous, for when King James set about cataloguing and collecting the valuables he inherited with the crown, he found it very difficult to get some of them out of the hands of certain lords and ladies of high degree, to whose charge they had been committed by Queen Bess: the Earl of Suffolk meeting a demand for the restoration of jewelry and plate rated to be worth two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, by putting in a plea of condonation on the part of his dead mistress.

It mattered little, however, to any one save the disappointed monarch, who looked to supply his extravagant needs by scattering the treasures acquired by his more careful predecessors. Wanting money for his "progress" in the land from which he came, James borrowed sixty thousand pounds upon a portion of the crown jewels, after vainly trying to persuade the aldermen of London to lend a hundred thousand pounds on the same security. Before another two years had gone by, his Majesty was treating with Master Peter Van Lore for a loan of twenty thousand pounds upon his consort's jewels, to enable him to make a progress Windsor way; but that worthy would not advance more than eighteen thousand pounds, and with that sum the king was obliged to be content. Chamberlain was disgusted at being compelled to let the valuables go, but found a little consolation in the fact that the choicest jewels yet remained untouched, notably, a carqueten of broad and long pearls, the fairest in all Christendom; reckoned to be worth forty thousand pounds.

It might just as well have gone with the rest, it was bound to go sooner or later. To Charles the First the crown jewels were merely so many merchantable and mortgageable articles, and he had not

reigned twelve months ere he began treating them as such. The royal exchequer was low. Buckingham was off to the Hague, and his master thought it a good opportunity to raise a round sum, and determined if necessary to empty his jewel-house. Lord Broke protested against delivering up the jewels in his charge without proper warrant; the master of the jewel-house exhorted the king not to pledge the regal treasures without the concurrence of his Council; but Broke and Mildmay might have spared their breath. Charles was never very amenable to argument if it ran counter to his desires, and not at all so when in want of money. Mildmay's advice was thrown away, and such a clearance was effected at the jewel-house, that the master was compelled to inform the king, upon his asking for more jewels, that he had already sent everything of any value, and if he wanted anything more he must be content to take silver plate, as there was nothing else left.

Charles was not long in discovering that he would have done better to have listened to Mildmay. He had hoped to obtain three hundred thousand pounds from the Hollanders; one of Buckingham's agents, Philip Calandrine, was lucky enough to raise fifty-eight thousand upon his Majesty's "jewel of the three brethren" and sundry pearls; but Sackville Crow had to bring the greater part of the plate and jewels back again to England, the mynheers daring to doubt whether the king had the right to pawn his jewels without the consent and approval of Parliament, and those among them who were willing to waive that objection, refused to part with their money, unless the redemption of the jewels within three years was guaranteed by some merchants of good repute and standing.

Some merchants of repute at home were bold enough to take all risks. James Maxwell lent Charles about eleven thousand pounds upon two large diamonds, afterwards buying them outright at the cost of another eleven hundred pounds. Purchasers too were forthcoming for a girdle of rubies in the form of red and white roses; a large agate, engraved with portraits of Henry the Fifth and Edward the Sixth; two great half-round pearls belonging to the Mirror of Britain—"a rich jewel of gold" which, when it came into the possession of James the First, bore "one very fair table diamond; one very fair table ruby; two other large diamonds, cut lozenge-wise, garnished with

small diamonds; two round pearls, and one fair diamond cut in fawcetts." Nor were buyers wanting for four gold collars, one of them composed of twenty-four knots of gold and twenty-four double scallop-shells, with Saint Michael "hanging to it by a couple of little chains;" for a double-cross of gold set with diamonds and rubies; for twelve pieces of goldsmith's work, like friars' knots, with ninety-one pendent pearls; or for a golden circlet, "new made for our dear mother Queen Anne," with its eight fair diamonds, eight fair sapphires, eight fair rubies, and eight fair emeralds, garnished with sixty-four pearls, thirty-two small rubies, and thirty-two small diamonds, with borders of diamonds and rubies.

Time justified the Dutch loan-mongers' suspiciousness regarding the likelihood of King Charles redeeming his pawned property at the proper time. In 1628 the royal borrower was nearly at his wit's end to satisfy the demands of those who had trusted to his promise, and who threatened to proceed to execution if there was any further delay in redeeming the valuables they held. To save himself from being so dishonored, Charles sold the States-General four thousand tons of iron ordnance, and with the hundred and twenty thousand pounds thus obtained, recovered a collar and its belongings from the king of Denmark, and the major part of the jewelry and plate pledged in Holland. The last-mentioned was at once melted down and sold to supply the wherewithal to suit the clamors of other creditors. More jewels were redeemed in 1631 and in 1635, when the king was not a little chagrined to find he had to pay five thousand pounds more than he had bargained for, owing to his agents having secured their own remuneration by obtaining just that much more upon the jewels than they had paid over to him.

When, in 1642, it became evident that the quarrel between the king and the Commons could only be settled in one way, while the women of London were bringing their bodkins and thimbles to help the cause, Queen Henrietta was busy in Holland selling the king's great collar of rubies and other like jewels, and buying arms and ammunition with the proceeds; not a whit deterred by hearing that Parliament had solemnly declared that the king had no power to sell or pawn the crown jewels, and pronounced whomsoever should pay, lend, send, or bring any money into the kingdom for or upon the said jewels, to be an enemy of the

State, and liable to be dealt with accordingly. In passing this order of the day, Parliament conveniently ignored the historical fact that in his dealings with the crown jewels, Charles acted strictly in accordance with precedent; every monarch before him looking upon the crown jewels as his personal property, to be retained, lent, or sold as he might think fit.

While denying the king's right to do as he liked with his own, or what he believed to be his own, the Commons did not scruple about doing as they listed with such of the crown jewels as Charles had left within reach. Assuming, somewhat prematurely, that the regalia would never more be required, Henry Martyn received leave and license to sell the contents of the royal jewel-chests at Westminster. The commission was executed with more energy than discretion, as though the only object had been to get rid of the obnoxious reminders of royalty. Nathaniel Hearne secured Queen Elizabeth's great and precious onyx stone; one Frances Curson was made rich with a hatful of crown treasures, and a Jesuit of her acquaintance contrived to walk off with forty thousand pounds' worth of jewels. The sceptres were one and all broken up, proving, much to the disgust of their appropriators, to be merely silver-gilt instead of honest gold; while one staff proved to be gilded iron, and another gilded wood. Even Queen Edith's crown, reputed to be made of massive gold, was found upon trial to be but silver-gilt, enriched with fowl pearls, garnets, sapphires, and odd stones of little value, unworthy of its more genuine companions: King Alfred's crown, of gilt wire, set with slight stones and two little bells; the queen's crown; Edward the Sixth's crown; and the imperial crown of gold, known as King Edward's crown, from its first wearer, Edward the Third.

One of the old historical crowns escaped confiscation and destruction: the ancient crown of Scotland, supposed to have been first worn by Robert Bruce, which was kept, with the Scottish regalia, in Edinburgh until 1651; when, fearing it might fall into Cromwell's hands, its custodians placed crown and regalia under the protection of the Earl Marischal, in the Castle of Dunnottar. The stronghold was soon invested by Lambert's army; and upon its fall becoming imminent, the wife of the minister of Kinneff, the Rev. James Granger, determined to save the ancient insignia of royalty. Obtaining permission from the Parliamentary gen-

eral to pass through his lines to pay a visit to the lady of the castle, Mrs. Granger carried away the crown herself, her maid following after with the sceptre and the sword of state hidden in two bundles of lint. Arriving safely at Kinneff, she gave crown, sceptre, and sword into her husband's keeping; and he, when night came on, hid them beneath the church pavement, and there they remained until the Restoration, when they were unearthed and given up to the Merry Monarch, who rewarded Mrs. Granger for her loyal service by a grant of two thousand marks; a happy ending to the last recorded instance of strange dealings with the crown jewels.

From The Leisure Hour.

#### FIGHT BETWEEN A MONGOOSE AND A COBRA.

It has been believed from ancient times that the ichneumon of Egypt (*Herpestes ichneumon*) was not injured by the bite of poisonous serpents. The same immunity has been said to belong to the mongoose (*Herpestes griseus*), the Asiatic cousin of the ichneumon. It is supposed that in both instances the animal knows some plant which, when eaten, counteracts the snake poison. Others believe that the venom has no effect on the animal, and this is also said to be the case with boars and pigs, which destroy vipers and, in America, rattlesnakes without any risk. Whether there is any prophylactic or protecting power in the constitution, or whether pig-skin is too tough to allow the fangs to penetrate, is matter of discussion.

With regard to the mongoose, some light is thrown on the question in the following account of a battle which took place with a fierce cobra. The fight was witnessed by several officers of the Indian army, and a report of it appeared in the Madras newspapers at the time, signed 'by K. Macaulay, major; C. J. Combe, captain; and H. G. Symons, lieutenant, 23rd regiment L.I., dated Trichinopoly, July 15, 1863:—

"The mongoose approached the cobra with caution, but devoid of any appearance of fear. The cobra, with head erect and body vibrating, watched his opponent with evident signs of being aware of how deadly an enemy he had to contend with. The mongoose was soon within easy striking distance of the snake, who, sud-



denly throwing back his head, struck at the mongoose with tremendous force. The mongoose, quick as thought, sprang back out of reach, uttering at the same time savage growls. Again the hooded reptile rose on the defensive, and the mongoose, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of his antagonist, approached so near to the snake that he was forced, not relishing such close proximity, to draw his head back considerably; this lessened his distance from the ground. The mongoose, at once seizing the advantageous opportunity, sprang at the cobra's head, and appeared to inflict as well as to receive a wound. Again the combatants put themselves in a position to renew the encounter; again the snake struck at his wily opponent, and again the latter's agility saved him. It would be tedious to recount in further detail the particulars of about a dozen successive rounds, at the end of which time neither combatant seemed to suffer more than the other.

"The fight had lasted some three-quarters of an hour, and both combatants seemed now to nerve themselves for the final encounter. The cobra, changing his position of defence for that of attack, advanced, and seemed determined now 'to do or die.' Slowly on his watchful enemy the cobra advanced; with equal courage the mongoose awaited the advance of his still unvanquished foe. The cobra had now approached so close that the mongoose (who, owing to want of space behind, was unable to spring out of reach by jumping backwards, as it had done in the previous encounters) nimbly bounded straight up in the air. The cobra missed his object, and struck the ground under him. Immediately on the mongoose alighting, the cobra, quick as thought, struck again, and, to all appearance, fixed his fangs in the head of the mongoose. The mongoose, as the cobra was withdrawing his head after he had inflicted the bite, instantly retaliated by fixing his teeth in the head of the cobra. This seemed to convince the cobra that he was no match for his fierce and watchful antagonist; and now no longer exhibiting a head erect and defiant eye, he unfolded his coils and ignominiously slunk away. Instantly the mongoose was on his retreating foe, and burying his teeth in his brain, at once ended the contest.

"The mongoose now set to work to devour his victim, and in a few minutes had eaten the head and two or three

inches of the body, including the venom so dreaded by all. We should have mentioned before that, previous to this encounter, the snake had struck a fowl, which died within half an hour of the infliction of the bite; showing, beyond doubt, its capability of inflicting a deadly wound.

"After the mongoose had satisfied his appetite, we proceeded to examine with a pocket lens the wounds that he had received from the cobra; and on washing away the blood from one of these places, the lens disclosed *the broken fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in the head of the mongoose*. . . . We have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days ago), and it is now as healthy and lively as ever."

The Indian mongoose is about the size of a ferret; the Egyptian ichneumon is larger, measuring about twenty-one inches, not including the tail, which is some sixteen inches more. The color of the mongoose is a most pleasing mixture of grey and dark freckled hairs; it is an inquisitive little creature, fond of poking its sharp nose into every corner, and frequently hiding in holes. From the description of its manners the mongoose must be in this respect very like the weasel of our English lanes and hedges. The Greek name, *ichneumon*, which signifies "the tracker," or "hunter," was evidently given to the animal on account of its exploring and inquisitive habits. The generic term *Herpestes* denotes "a creeper." Although both these species are valuable on account of their destruction of poisonous and dangerous animals, yet they are too partial to the flesh of a delicate chicken to be trusted near hen-roosts. A European species was discovered not long ago in Andalusia by Captain Widdrington, and called after him *Herpestes Widdringtoni*. It closely resembles the Egyptian species.

It is a singular but undoubted fact, that poisons produce different effects upon different animals; thus strychnia, one of the most powerful poisons known, not only is not injurious to certain *acari*, but is absolutely *their food*; and Sir Emerson Tennent, in his classical work on Ceylon, tells us that the hornbill (*Buceros*) feeds with impunity on the deadly fruit of the strychnos, or *nux-vomica* tree; so much truth has the old proverb, "What is one man's food is another man's poison."

Captain de Winton, of Graftonbury, near Hereford, has for some time had in

his possession a remarkably fine mongoose, which would persist in breaking out and rambling the neighborhood, when woe be to anything in the shape of poultry, pigeons, cats, or any other animals of moderate size. Buffon, the naturalist, tells us "it fears neither the force of the dog, the malice of the cat; neither the claws of the vulture, nor the poison of the viper; it makes war upon the most formidable of serpents and even crocodiles, and by its invincible courage generally subdues its enemy." The Graftonbury animal seems to have proved Buffon and Goldsmith to be quite correct in their estimate of his powers. The *Hereford Times* stated that on one occasion when he broke out, meeting with a shepherd's dog twenty times his size he gave him battle, and the contest waxed hot and furious. The mongoose at one time seemed to have the best of it, as the dog was inclined to retire; but being foolishly urged on, the dog resumed the fight, knocked the mongoose over, and, before he could recover himself, inflicted such injuries that death was the result.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### STORY OF A PET MONKEY.

A REMARKABLE instance of intelligence and attachment in a pet monkey, may interest lovers of "our poor relations" and of animals in general. My hero, a very large and extremely powerful specimen of his class, belonged to a late officer in the British army; and he having been a member of my own immediate family, the veracity of the following anecdote can be vouched for. Peter was a universal favorite with — one individual only excepted — all the inmates and frequenters of the barracks, where his unusual sagacity and many varied accomplishments were a source of endless amusement; although it must be confessed that some of his tricks had a rather mischievous tendency. His gentleness of disposition and genuine love of fun, nevertheless, procured ready forgiveness.

Peter unfortunately possessed an enemy in the person of a diminutive and generally unpopular subaltern, to whom he appears in some mysterious way to have rendered himself particularly obnoxious. Or perhaps this regrettable state of affairs may have arisen from one of those curious cases of instinctive and mutual aversion at first sight which, like other and more

agreeable impressions of a totally opposite character, are difficult to account for, in man as well as in the lower animals.

During a temporary absence of his master on leave, Peter was intrusted to the care of a brother officer and most intimate friend, who, on undertaking the responsibility, conscientiously kept him chained to a chest of drawers in his own barrack-room, being anxious that no harm should happen to the monkey while under his charge. This kindly and well-meant arrangement did not, however, at all coincide with Peter's elastic views on the subject. The loss of general society, and hitherto undisturbed liberty of action, the unwonted confinement and restriction, appear to have greatly depressed him. Thus left in a great measure to his own narrow resources, the interesting captive still rose equal to the occasion, though his field of action was certainly limited. To while the tedious hours away, upon a certain day during which he was left alone longer than usual — there being an inspection by the general commanding the district — he seems, in despair, to have hit upon the following occupation. Having, with an amount of patience and perseverance worthy of a better cause, forced open the locks of all the drawers — a feat requiring a very considerable degree of strength — he strewed the miscellaneous contents upon the floor, and seated himself in the centre, monarch of all he surveyed; and doubtless contemplated with tranquil satisfaction the chaos he had produced. Having presumably tired of this, comparatively speaking, harmless recreation, he had evidently begun to look about for further relaxation of mind, combined with healthful exercise of body. Unfortunately, he soon espied a very large inkstand, placed, it must be allowed in extenuation, within easy reach. Immediately availing himself of the contents, and as a little pleasing variety of excitement, he deliberately and with an unsparing hand bedaubed every article of his hospitable entertainer's property with ink. The *tableau vivant* on the entrance of the unsuspecting host may be possibly better imagined than described. Either Peter was a most consummate actor, or else he really honestly considered the effect of his striking performance to be highly artistic and ornamental; for he appeared to be totally unconscious that he had been guilty of the slightest wrongdoing in this somewhat sensational scene. He was mercifully spared from punishment, but summarily dismissed from his

comfortable quarters, and left to wander about the barracks "in monkey meditation, fancy free."

Delighted to regain his liberty on any terms, all for a time went well. During his rambles, like Henry III. encountering Richmond on Bosworth Field, Peter unluckily met, not the object of his affections, but of his intense dislike; and springing on to the shoulders of the irate and alarmed subaltern, in the presence of a large number of officers and men—whose sympathies were of course all with Peter—he very nearly succeeded, to the great amusement of the audience, in drawing the sword of his enraged victim, who, if report did not cruelly belie him, was not at all likely to draw it readily himself! The ludicrous position in which the latter was thus placed, and the loud laughter of those assembled, of course vastly increased the subaltern's former hatred of the popular and now victorious monkey. They parted with ominous signs, at any rate on one side, of anticipated revenge, to be carried out sooner or later to the bitter end.

Shortly after this assault-at-arms, poor Peter was found in a woful condition; it being discovered, amidst general indignation, that he had been fired at, and seriously injured by gun-shot wounds. Notwithstanding the impossibility of proving who was guilty of this unmanly and cowardly action, it was openly attributed to the only person who was capable of committing it—the now most cordially detested subaltern, who had, it was well known, never forgiven the indignity publicly inflicted on him; the annoyance of which was immensely aggravated by the story having become the standing joke of the entire garrison. Peter's numerous sympathizing friends did their utmost to save his life, which was in imminent danger. He had the best medical advice; the slugs were all extracted; and with surgical skill and affectionate care, he was happily soon restored to health. His master returned at the time of Peter's convalescence, and the rapturous joy of the poor monkey at seeing him once more will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. He clung to him, and fondly embraced him over and over again; repeatedly kissing, or rather licking his face and hands, with every possible demonstration of the most devoted attachment.

When the first paroxysm of delight had subsided, Peter, sitting on the table, the better to gaze upon his newly recovered friend and able champion, looked earnestly

at him, and clasping his arm, to bespeak special attention, pointed with his own forefinger to each of the wounds whence the slugs had been taken; trying at the same time, in the nearest approach to speech that he could accomplish, to tell the piteous story of his narrow escape from a violent death, at the hands of his ruthless assailant; who never, by the way, had the courage to further molest the subject of this brief memoir. It is questionable if the most intellectual of human beings, not gifted with the power of speech, could have acted more pathetically, or indicated more vividly what had occurred to them during the absence of their natural protector and dearest friend.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
DURING RAMAZAN.

PERA, Sept. 9.

THE law of Ramazan throws all the mechanism of social life out of gear. It directly tends, physically speaking, to dyspepsia, morally to irritability of temper. Reactively it provokes religious fervor. Everybody knows that the Mussulman is more fanatical in the month of Ramazan than at any other season, and of course everybody says, "How dreadful!" This is unjust; the Mahommedan cannot help himself; if he obeys Ramazan rule he becomes fanatical whether he likes it or not. If he does not obey Ramazan rule he must needs ape fanaticism in order that his disobedience may not be observed. Mahommed perfectly understood what he was about when he instituted Ramazan. He knew the practical value to the cause of Islam of a periodical revival of religious enthusiasm in its more savage aspects, and the device by which he attained his object is simple and efficacious. The rule of Ramazan obliges the true believer to take all his meat and all his drink, his water, his coffee, and even his smoke, in the hours of darkness, while from sunrise to sunset he must wholly abstain from refreshment of all kinds. This change of hours puts his digestion thoroughly out of order, rendering him extremely uncomfortable, and consequently fretful, morose, and misanthropic. The only consolation for all this painful uneasiness is the conviction that it is the direct result of religious obedience; and the sacrifice not only magnifies the idol, but the annoyance of it stimulates hate for those who are free from the

restraints which the Moslem faith acknowledges. Among the higher classes there are many who profess to conform to the law and comfort their appetites in secret. These sham the shortness of temper which is the correct frame of mind for Ramazan and the fanaticism which is its development. When Ramazan falls in the long summer days, and the gun (which precedes by one hour the morning prayer) stops the use of food at about 2 A.M., and only restores it at about 7 P.M., making seventeen hours for abstinence, and crowding the meals into the other seven, few among the rich hold out; and among the elders many get a doctor's certificate to the effect that they cannot bear the strain. But I know some who make themselves annually seriously ill by their fidelity, and among these I may mention old Mahmoud Nedim. The laborious classes suffer most, and are yet the most faithful; sometimes their tempers are oddly tried. A day or two ago, missing the Chirket steamer at Ortakeui, I took a *caïque* to pull up to Therapia without observing that the *Caïqđi* was a Turk, for in Ramazan it is wise to eschew Turkish-manned *caïques* for long pulls, as the oarsmen are never in good form. The day I refer to was very sultry, and it was in the early afternoon. On the angle of the quay at Arnautkeui, where we touched to take a tow-rope to haul through the Devil's Current, were seated half a dozen Greeks, plunging their muzzles thirstily into great scarlet hunches of watermelon. My Mehemet, who had been pulling very languidly and evidently felt very much under the mark, as his frequent sighings told, looked very wistfully at the fruit, and sadly shook his head. The melon-eaters answered the look by jeers and laughter, and derisively held out slices, bidding the fasting boatman take them. Under this strain Mehemet's temper gave way, and he broke forth in an outburst of oaths and vituperation. Nor did he become composed till we were in the Bay of Bebek, when he told me that it was fourteen hours since he had touched even a drop of water and that he had been pulling his boat for eight hours in the sun.

As to public business in Ramazan it is a farce all through. Functionaries go to their offices about two P.M., if it suits them; if it suits them better to stay away altogether, they do so. They scarcely pretend to work or to do anything but look what o'clock it is in order to reckon the minutes up to gun-fire. Everything is put off till after Ramazan.

*Bairam dan sonra*, and if life were a perpetual Ramazan the official Turks would endure all the discomfort of it with content because of the pretext for postponement which it affords. The fortnight which precedes Ramazan is utilized in this manner; officials point out to the man in a hurry that it is of no use to take any steps so near to the great period of suspended action. There are two exceptions to this rule. Just before Ramazan, and again just before Bairam, the treasury regularly concludes a loan in Galata, for the purpose of paying two small instalments on account of arrears due to the army and the public service. This year the loans look large, the one before Ramazan being for £210,000; the one just concluded, in anticipation of Bairam, for £250,000. In reality they are not large, as in either case nearly half the amount is lent in over-due treasury paper of one sort or another. Still, as the amounts are heavy nominally, it has been stated that the object and intention of these loans is to disband a large portion of the army, and place it on a peace footing. It is very much to be doubted whether there will be a piastre available for this purpose. The treasury will not get more than £200,000 net cash out of both advances, and of this the palace will require at least £50,000, the arsenal £65,000 for the new decorations of the imperial yacht "Medjidieh," and Tophané £20,000 for the two new aquariums for the grounds of Yildiz Kiosk, the first of which was not approved by the sultan, so that a new one has had to be made. This does not leave much more than enough to go round for a fortnight's arrears, and the balance will inevitably be snapped up by some hungry person or persons, and even if not it will be too unimportant to do any good. The arrears in the army weigh very heavily upon the officers, who have all been without pay for thirty-seven months, and some of them for a still longer period. A few days ago an officer in uniform was seen carrying a hamper of grapes like a street porter. An officious comrade reported him at the War Office, and he was summoned to give explanations to the minister. "My children were hungry," he said. "I needed four piastres to buy them bread, and I went and earned them, like an honest man, in the only way I knew. I am owed forty-two months' pay." He was rebuked, but two months' pay was given to him. The only public functionary who gets his pay regularly is Osman Pasha, who occupies a

position of advantage in this respect. Ramazan has yet ten days to run, then come the three days' holiday of Bairam, and then the two days when the functionaries pay official visits to each other. Of course until these recognized hindrances to public business have passed by nothing will be done; then it will be interesting to watch once more the action of Turkish ingenuity in procrastination. Sir Henry Layard and Sir Alfred Sandison leave together for a trip to Syria the day after to-morrow. As is usually the case, the most far-fetched reasons are assigned for this excursion, which, however, is of no recent planning.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
THE INDIAN SALT RANGE.

THE Salt Range in the Punjab has long been known as one of the most interesting and important regions of British India, chiefly on account of its highly fossiliferous rocks and enormous deposit of rock-salt, which, for extent and purity, are said to be unequalled in the whole world. Its mineral wealth doubtless early prompted the collection of information regarding it; and years before the conquest of the Punjab British officers penetrated thither, often at great risk, and returned to report on its geology. Within the last ten years it has been carefully examined by Mr. Wynne, of the Indian Geological Survey, and his voluminous and interesting report thereon has just appeared. The Salt Range occupies historic ground—one extremity resting upon the Hydaspes, or Jhilam, and the other upon the Indus, or Aba-sin; while its eastern extension overlooks the battlefield of Chilianwallah, where that famous and desperate fight between the British, under Lord Gough, and the Sikh army occurred in 1849. It is marked by a memorial obelisk, built of fine-grained sandstone taken from the range. The connection of the range with the outer Himalayan hills is broken through by the Jhilam valley, and its eastern portion is divided into three nearly parallel spurs. The Salt Range proper lies entirely on the eastern side of the Indus, forming a somewhat elevated border to the Rawul Pindee plateau (lying to the north); and throughout its whole length of about one hundred and fifty miles its steep declivities and lofty scarped cliffs, rising to an average height of twenty-two hundred

feet abut on the vast semi-desert plain which spreads southward to the Arabian Sea. Mr. Wynne considers that it is a popular error to speak of the range as extending across the Indus and up to the Sufed Koh, in Afghanistan, as the salt there is believed to be of an entirely different age and position. In different parts of the range are to be found brine springs, hot springs (in the Bakh ravine)—the water of which is covered by a thin film of gypsum, and deposits a black tenacious mud, used by the natives as a dye for cotton cloth—and petroleum springs. Viewed from the north, the aspect of the range is that of a monotonously undulating and not very lofty ridge, with some conspicuous summits, covered with scrubby jungle or shrubs; while from the south the scarcity of vegetation and the bright coloring of the red, purple, grey, orange, and whitish rocks of the cliffs and slopes present a strong contrast. The dry and sun-parched face of the range radiates so much absorbed heat that an encampment at some distance in the plains, though hot, is cooler than one at its foot.

Large deposits of salt are known to occur at Hormuz in the Persian Gulf, near the shores of the Caspian Sea, in Persia, in Algeria, Germany, and America; but those of the Indian Salt Range seem hardly inferior in extent and purity to any of these. It is by no means easy to attempt even a rough estimate of the enormous wealth of salt which is to be found here; but if an average thickness of only one hundred and thirty-five feet and a width of three miles be assigned to the beds, then in the one hundred and thirty miles along which these are seen there may be a solid content of nearly ten cubic miles. During the progress of Mr. Wynne's survey three mines were being worked on the eastern side of the Indus, and the open quarries of Kalabagh on the other side. The largest mines are the Mayo mines at Khewra. In these, vast but dangerous chambers had been opened up by the old Sikh workmen, who were so careless in their method of excavating that two heavy pillars supporting the roof of one chamber were left resting on a thick crust of salt spanning another large chamber below. This eventually gave way in 1870, and the ruins of the fallen mass were so great that quite a crater was formed on the hill in which the mines are situated. Ever since the advent of British rule a better system of working has been introduced; and, instead of



gaining entrance to the mines by a slippery incline, one can now drive in upon a tramway through a spacious passage, in which due provision has been made for ventilation. The old chambers still remain to be contrasted with the new ones, and when illuminated with colored or magnesium lights the effect of the brilliant crystal facets and stalactite masses in them is very picturesque. Not long ago gunpowder was never used in these mines for blasting purposes, but now its advantages are fully understood. From the Mayo mines Dr. Warth estimates that three hundred lakhs of maunds, or more than a million tons, have been removed, but notwithstanding the length of time during which these mines have been worked, and though each season adds a concentric belt to the excavated area, they show as yet no signs of becoming exhausted.

Passing by the Sardi and Varcha mines, which are of less importance, a few particulars may be given respecting the Kalabagh or trans-Indus quarries. These are all open workings in a thick group of salt beds, ranging from four to twenty feet in thickness. They run along the right side of the Lun or Gossai Nullah, the salt extending from the base of the hill as high up as two hundred feet. The outcrop runs for some two miles up the glen, and there are fourteen working-places or quarries. A good idea of the quantity of salt produced by the Salt

Range mines will be obtained from the value of the aggregate receipts from the four mines for the four years ending 1870-71. These receipts averaged £388,144 annually. Where the workings have been most carefully surveyed, the salt has been found in zones, consisting of several distinct beds within distances of about six hundred feet, two hundred feet, and less of the top of the marl and gypsum. There seems to be a larger development of so-called bad salt in the western than in the eastern part of the district, but it must be remembered that this bad salt would in other districts be extremely valuable. Although arrangements for the transport of the salt by wire tramway and rail from Khewra are in progress, a very wasteful system of carriage still prevails. The salt is reduced to rough spherical lumps to prevent the corners from being rubbed off during its transport in open nettings or hair-cloth bags, and an enormous quantity of it is thus wasted.

Salt is not by any means the only mineral product of the Salt Range. Coal of a fair quality is found, chiefly at Bhaganwala and Kalabagh; petroleum in small quantity at Jaba; building-stones are obtained from the fine-grained sandstones of the purple sandstone group, and ornamental stones from the variegated limestone. Besides these, gypsum exists in enormous quantities, and alum, gold, and other minerals are worked, but to no considerable extent.

ONE feature of the last eruption of the remarkable volcano of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands, is the fact that the great molten lake of lava, occupying a huge caldron nearly a mile in width, and known as the "South Lake," was drawn off subterraneously, giving no warning of its movements and leaving no visible indication of its pathway or the place of its final deposit. "Other eruptions," writes Dr. Coan to Prof. Dana, in a letter dated June 20, "have blazed their way on the surface to the sea, or while on their subterranean way have rent the superincumbent beds, throwing out jets of steam or of sulphurous gases, with here and there small patches or broad areas of lava. But as yet no surface-marks of this kind reveal the silent, solemn course of this burning river. One theory is that it flowed deep in subterranean fissures, and finally disembogued far out at sea. Our ocean was much disturbed during those days, and we had what might be called a tidal wave of moderate magnitude." The old process of replenishment which had gone on since the last eruption in

1868, is reported to have begun again, and after another decade another disgorgement may take place.

**DIPHTHERIA CURED BY SULPHUR.**—The celebrated Dr. Field cured his patients by sulphur. He put a teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into a wineglassful of water, and stirred it with his finger instead of a spoon. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as gargle, and in *ten minutes the patient is out of danger.* Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk he gave the gargle. If the patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it in a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone upon it; let the patient inhale the fumes, and the fungus will die. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in a man, beast, or plant, in a few minutes.

Kaffrarian Watchman.